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LITERATURE.

Our Burmese Wars and Relations with Burma. By Col. W. F. B. Laurie. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

THE object of the present work, as we gather from the title-page and preface, was to place in the reader's hands a connected narrative of our relations with Burma from the date of the first Burmese war down to the present time, and in pursuance of this purpose the author has fused into the volume before us his former works on the subject. The plan, no doubt, was a good one. Of the first war, which occurred within ten years of Waterloo, very few veterans can now be living, while even the events of the second are separated from us by such landmarks as the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny; but a knowledge of those events is necessary to a right understanding of the subsequent and actual state of affairs, to which the author is equally desirous of drawing our attention. Such a volume would form a useful contribution to Indian history; but consecutive historical narration is—if a man may be judged by his works—precisely the class of composition least suited to the bent of our author's genius. The necessary material, or a good deal of it, is there, and compiled by a writer of long experience and personal knowledge of many of the events described; but the reader who wishes to follow the thread of Burmese history will unravel it with difficulty. Passages from his former works are interwoven with notes, supplementary or contradictory, with extracts from leading articles, from reports, from despatches, from the works of other writers, interspersed with many digressions on things in general. But Col. Laurie is evidently one of those writers who must be allowed to tell their story in their own way. There is a pleasant individuality in his style, which is vigorous, chatty, and, above all, highly discursive. If he is discussing the statistics of population, he enlivens it with Dr. Hunter's advice to mothers or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's efforts in the cause of inoculation. The mention of Pondicherry recalls Dupleix; and Dupleix, Bernadotte; and Bernadotte, the author's visit to Stockholm and presentation of his work on Pegu to Charles XV. In the incarnations of Buddha he believes

"it is, perhaps, not too much to trace the origin of such a remark as that put by Shakespeare into the mouth of Ophelia—'They say the owl was a baker's daughter; we know what we are, but know not what we may be!'"

Through these varied mazes it is, then, not always easy to follow the thread of historical narrative. On the other hand, his account

of the military operations, if sometimes wanting in sequence, leaves on the reader's mind a vivid and, no doubt, accurate impression of the nature of Burmese warfare, especially of the marches, at the mercy of doubtful guides, through dense jungle, skilfully stockaded by an enemy whose personal bravery, fortunately for us, was not further seconded by good generalship. Additional life is given to the picture by personal anecdotes and descriptions of the actors concerned, and by many of those details of incident and adventure which only an eye-witness can supply.

In asserting that Assam, Siam, and Shan are all forms of the same word, the author makes a triple statement very difficult of proof. That the people all belong to the same race may be admitted. Gen. Dalton says that the conquerors of Assam in the thirteenth century took the name of Ahom, signifying "peerless," and Ahom probably = Assam. The name of Siam—apparently, according to Crawford, an old name given by the Siamese to their country—we probably got from the Malays. But, as Col. Laurie himself says of a similar speculation, this one is, perhaps, "as convincing as most proofs from etymology." As to his statement that the Andamanese and Nicobarese are of the same race, all recent authority is against him.

The author is no teetotaler, and considers the dram necessary to the soldiers while exposed during the monsoon; but sobriety, he says, is essential; and "there is much to like in that word *sobriety*—it implies *self-denial*—whereas *total abstinence* has no human grandeur about it." Col. Laurie has a high admiration for Lord Dalhousie, and delights in his reminiscences of the "great proconsul," quoting several of his despatches, which have the sonorous ring of that imperial style of which he was a master. We may be allowed, perhaps, to recal a single sentence, applicable now and at all times to our position in the East:—

"The Government of India," he wrote, "cannot consistently with its own safety appear for one day in an attitude of inferiority, or hope to maintain peace and submission among the numberless princes and people embraced within the vast circuit of the empire, if for one day it gives countenance to a doubt of the absolute superiority of its arms, and of its continued resolution to assert it."

But Col. Laurie, we think, goes too far when, exulting in Lord Dalhousie as a "master of annexation," he impliedly claims him as a supporter of his own extreme views on the subject. Certainly Lord Dalhousie's annexations were many, and big; but each one of them was either supported by weighty—we do not say conclusive—reasoning, or, as in the case of Nagpore, followed upon a rule then in force, but since, wisely as we believe, abrogated. At all events Lord Dalhousie would have judged each case on its own merits, whatever the issue at which he was likely to arrive—the only course, in short, which a statesman could take, seeing it would be as inconvenient for a Government to be pledged never to annex as to be credited with doing so on every possible occasion. We have seldom met so thorough-going an advocate of annexation as our author, who, fortifying

himself with arguments from Paley, sees no limits to its advantages. Besides being an investment as profitable and legitimate as "reproductive public works," it would lead, he declares, to an early and universal establishment of peace and order throughout Asia. Meanwhile, as regards the case of Burma, he candidly admits that Lord Dalhousie, while annexing the coast provinces for substantial reasons, was quite against the absorption of the whole territory, and we do not see that the position has materially altered since those days. Lord Dalhousie's *dictum* still holds good that "no hill tribe is contemptible among its own hills." The "oppressed people" might, as Col. Laurie says, "receive us with open arms," but it would be more important—and less easy—to ascertain beforehand how long that sentiment would last, and what influences might act in the opposite direction. Col. Laurie asserts that it would be to our advantage to have our frontier continuous with China, a proposition which may well be disputed. Throughout the volume he returns repeatedly to the charge, *more suo*, insisting plainly, not to say cynically, on the great advantage to mercantile interests in Rangoon and elsewhere, of the annexation of the kingdom of Burma. It is desirable that every side of such questions should be stated, and the statistics which the author gives of the resources of these countries bear out his high opinion of their value; but from a political point of view we think his arguments, so far from proving his case, rather tend to show that, except in the minds of those whose wish is father to the thought, the question of annexation is in no sense the imminent or pressing question which he represents it to be; and it is to be hoped that no artificial agitation will bring it prematurely "within the range of practical politics."

COURTIS TROTTER.

Mémoire sur la Notion hébraïque de l'Esprit.
Par A. Sabatier.

L'Ange d'Astarté: Etude sur la seconde Inscription d'Oum-el-Awamid. Par Philippe Berger. (Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher.)

A GRACEFUL recognition of the fiftieth anniversary of M. Reuss's first appointment to his Strasbourg professorship, and at the same time an evidence of the zeal and industry of the new Protestant theological faculty of Paris. M. Sabatier's essay is full of acute suggestions, and offers a very clear and intelligible programme of theological development. In the Old Testament portion, however, he seems to us not to have taken sufficient account of the traces of popular Israelitish religion in the Old Testament, and to have further injured his work by ignoring the records of Assyrian religion. To maintain that there is a radical difference between the *sheol* and the *refaim* of the Israelites and the Hades and the shades of Greek literature is a position which requires more evidence than our author has adduced. The *refaim* are just as much or as little "the carcasses themselves" as the Homeric shades; the fundamental idea is not peculiar to the Israelites—indeed, *Sheol* is not, properly speaking, a Semitic notion at all, but borrowed from the pre-Semitic Accadians. M. Sabatier also asserts

that the idea of Gehenna, or of "the Catholic hell," is "entirely foreign to the Old Testament." In the striking passage, Isa. lxvi. 24, he sees nothing but the idea of hopeless destruction. The popular language of the Jews in the time of Christ was, he thinks, but a reflex of Greek or Persian notions recently imported. Such bold and questionable statements augur but ill for the theological teaching of the French Protestant pastors, whose chief function, after all, is not so much historical criticism as the keeping alive of spiritual and Biblical religion in opposition to an unbiblical system of forms and ceremonies. Perhaps the treatment of the Pauline doctrine of the *pneuma* is the most successful part of the essay. This at any rate will repay the reader. An interesting illustration is also given from the Crimean War of the saying of our Lord in Matt. xviii. 8, 9.

M. Berger (a brother of the M. Berger whose valuable historical study on the mediæval glossaries we noticed very lately) gives us a new interpretation of the Malac-Astoret in a famous Phœnician inscription. He endeavours to show that it means, not "King Astoret," or "Moloc-Astoret," but "Angel of Astoret," an appellation analogous to "Angel of Jehovah," "Angel of the Face of Jehovah," in the Old Testament. Much valuable illustration of the latter phrases is adduced from the field of Semitic mythology. It would certainly appear as if the Biblical writers were less afraid of points of contact with heathenism than some of their modern interpreters. M. Berger's proposed explanation of Malac-Astoret, however, seems to us very bold. Is not the title "Angel of Jehovah" most probably a late and artificial formation? If so, we should hardly expect to find an analogue in Phœnician inscriptions. It is quite otherwise with the phrases, "Face of God," "Name of God." These are self-evidently of mythic origin, and, perhaps, none the worse vehicles of religious truth on that account. There is also a difficulty in M. Berger's view arising from the omission of the radical *alef* in "Malac," if, as he supposes, it is equivalent to the Hebrew *mal'ac*, "messenger," "angel." We doubt whether M. Berger meets this quite adequately. But his essay is well worth reading. Few English writers could carry so much learning so lightly. T. K. CHEYNE.

Facsimiles of National Manuscripts of Ireland. Part III. Edited by John T. Gilbert, F.S.A., M.R.I.A., late Secretary of the Public Record Office of Ireland. (Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office.)

A SERIES like the present one, which is intended to illustrate the course of national history through some dozen centuries, has two distinct interests. The earlier examples are studied by antiquaries for their own intrinsic value as monuments of ancient writing. The value of the later specimens lies in their historical character. This must more essentially be the case in an Irish series. The very ancient MSS., written in a perfectly-developed national character, and ornamented with a full-grown national decoration (which, for its intricate delicacy, has been the wonder

of all succeeding generations), would, even in default of other proofs, be sufficient evidence of the high cultivation which the Ireland of the early Middle Ages enjoyed. In the first part of his handsome publication, Mr. Gilbert brought together specimens of perhaps one of the most interesting series of MSS. that could be formed for the study of a national style of writing. His second part, bringing down the series to the close of the thirteenth century, may be designated a transitional collection, in which the purely historical element strongly asserts itself; and the present part, which extends to the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, may be said to be of almost entirely historical interest. For, although a certain number of the plates are selected from MSS. written in the Irish character, most of them have no special palæographical merit, except as examples of the tenacity with which a people, living apart from outside influences, may maintain its national writing and persist in an archaism of forms which—when it comes to a matter of assigning dates to MSS.—is an exasperation to the cautious and a trap to the unwary.

The finest of the Irish MSS. in this volume are:—The well-written codex of Brehon law (pl. viii.), said to be of the early part of the fourteenth century; Cormac's Glossary (pl. xxx.); the Book of Ballimote (pl. xxv., xxvii.), a large handsome volume which, in 1522, was reckoned as worth one hundred and forty milch cows; the MS. which bears the odd-sounding title of the "Speckled Book" (Leabhar Breac, pl. xxviii., xxix.); and the Great Book of Lecan (pl. xlv., xlvi.). From the last three have been selected specimens of the ornamental initial letters. In them still survive the lacertine and grotesque animals which adorn the MSS. of the seventh and eighth centuries; but, though the form is there, the spirit has vanished.

In his Introduction, Mr. Gilbert has given us some slight sketches of the contents of these volumes, generally original compositions in prose and verse. Of the grotesque and weird fancies of early Irish writers, perhaps the one translated from Cormac's Glossary is most impressive, in which is recounted the trial of skill between Senchán Torpest, the Irish poet of the seventh century, and the poetess daughter of O'Duálaine, the latter quoting the first part of quatrains to which the other was to supply the second lines. It was in a contest of this nature that St. Columcille signally defeated the Devil, who was not so much at home in moral poems as the Saint. But Senchán was aided by a certain mysterious ill-visaged youth:

"Rounder than a blackbird's egg his two eyes; quicker than a millstone his glance; black as death his countenance; rounder than an elevating crane his two cheeks; longer than a smith's anvil-snout his nose; like the blowing of a bellows smelting ore the inhaling and exhaling of his breath; sledges would not knock more sparks off the glowing mass than the fire his lips emitted. More swift than the swallow or the hare on the plain; yellower than gold the points of his teeth; greener than holly their butts; two bare, slender, very speckled shins under him; two pointed, yellow, black-spotted heels; his shin like a distaff; his thigh like a spear-handle; his buttock like half a cheese; his stomach like a sack; his neck like the neck of a crane; large as the helmet of a soldier his

head; longer than pitchforks his arms; larger than the fists of bondsmen his fists."

This strange being, however, was soon to be metamorphosed. He afterwards appears as "a royal splendid youth. A long eye in his head, gold yellow locks upon him." And we are finally told "that there can be no doubt of his having been the spirit of Poetry"! His ill favour is typical of the difficulty of the poetic art to a beginner. That the Irish artist could match this grim creation of the brain with one of his pencil is known to those who have examined the wonderful grotesques which are to be found in the ornamentation of such MSS. as the Book of Kells.

Among the historical documents the first to claim special attention is the *facsimile* of a deed which illustrates the condition of the Ostmen, the descendants of the old Scandinavian settlers in Ireland (pl. vii.). It is taken from the Plea Roll preserved at Dublin, and contains proceedings at Waterford, in the year 1310-11, on a charge of felony brought against Robert le Waleys for slaying John, son of Yvor Mac Gillemory. The accused pleaded that the act was no felony, because the said John was a mere Irishman and not of free blood; and declared himself ready to make compensation to the lord of the dead man. But the plea was not accepted, for it was proved that John belonged to the family of Gerald Mac Gillemory, an Ostman, to whom, for faithful services, King Henry II. had granted the benefit of "*lex Anglicorum in Hibernia*."

Another notice of the Ostmen is to be found in this volume (pl. i.), in the specimen contributed by the Black Book of Limerick; whence it appears that in 1201, in a jury of thirty-six, summoned on an enquiry in relation to the lands and churches of the see of Limerick, the Ostmen composed a third part of the number, and stood on equal terms with the English and Irish.

In 1395 Richard II. was in Ireland. In his letter, written to the English Privy Council on February 1 (pl. xxii.), he divides the inhabitants of Ireland into "*trois maners des gentz—cestassavoir Irrois savages, noz enemis, Irrois rebelx, et Engleis obeissantz*." Illustrative of his last visit are the three miniatures (pl. xxxii.-xxxiii.), reproduced, not unsuccessfully, from the Harleian MS. containing Creton's poem, which was so ably edited by Mr. Webb in the *Archæologia*.

Plate xxxvii. is a curious drawing of the Irish Court of Exchequer of the fifteenth century, representing the full course of proceedings in an inconveniently compressed space. Everyone is literally attending to his own business—even the Crier, who, impatient to adjourn, shouts "*A demain!*" with a fine disregard of judges and suitors, who are all talking at once. The air with which the Chief Remembrancer examines his pen is decidedly critical; and one marvels what sort of caligraphy results from the uncomfortable practice of using the knee as a writing-desk, as followed by the Clerk of the Pipe. We have known modern instances of this habit, with deplorable and illegible results. Whether the same official was so ill-bred as to rest his foot on the table in such a presence may be doubted; but Mr. Gilbert thinks so, and the artist has done his best,

with his faulty perspective, to bring about that breach of good manners.

A memorial addressed by the county of Kildare to Richard, Duke of York, in 1454 (pl. xli.), represents the unhappy condition to which a quarrel between two powerful nobles could reduce a district, so that "this lande of Irland was nevyr at the poynt fynaly to be destrued sethen the conquest of this lande as it is now," the county of Kildare and liberty of Meath being threatened with final destruction by "a variance had betwix therle of Wiltshire, lieutenant of this lande, and Thomas Fitzmorice of the Geraldynes." Again, in 1542, the county of Tipperary raised its voice against the exactions of Sir Thomas Butler, who was acting for the absent Earl of Ormonde, and who seems to have had very definite ideas of the rights of a landlord, even at Christmas time, when "he leviethe and takithe" of his tenants

"vjth xiiijth iiiijth for the payment of such wynes as he providethe for his house against the said feast. He sessithe them with the cariage as well of all stonnes, tymbre, and other necessaries to any worke he hath, as also of all such corne, wyne, pailles of butter, and of all other things that he wolle have caried for the necessitie or provision of his house or houses. He takithe towards the mariage of every of his daughters a shepe of every flooke and a cowe of every lx kyne" (pl. lxxv.).

We may hope for the sake of the tenants that Sir Thomas had not a large family of daughters. The origin of these and other hardships the complainants trace to the days of James the "White Earl" of Ormonde, who left Ireland to serve the King, Henry VI., in England. It was to him that James Yonge dedicated his translation of the *Secreta Secretorum* (pl. xxvi.).

Mr. Gilbert has done all in his power to make the volume useful by giving exact descriptions, transcripts, and translations, and by further adding an Appendix of illustrative matter. It is no disparagement to his work to express a wish that he had had at his disposal a better process for the production of the plates. Photozincography is not the best process that modern science has to offer; and it is to be regretted that so obsolete an one should still be employed in national publications.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON.

Lectures and Essays. By the late William Kingdon Clifford, F.R.S. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Frederick Pollock, with an Introduction by F. Pollock. (Macmillan.)

[Second Notice.]

CLIFFORD shows more of the mathematical craving for definiteness and certainty than of the philosophic temper of doubt when he comes to the problems of metaphysics proper. In three papers contained in these volumes—namely, a section of the essay on "The Philosophy of the Pure Sciences" (i. "Knowledge and Feeling"), and the papers entitled "Body and Mind" and "On the Nature of Things in Themselves" in the second volume—the author distinctly propounds what he holds to be the correct doctrine of the ultimate reality of existence. He seems to have been led to this result by different paths. To begin with, he was a thorough Idealist in so far as he held that what we perceive exists only in our own or somebody else's mind.

But this could not satisfy his intellectual needs. His thorough and hearty acceptance of the doctrine of evolution, elaborated by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer, set him a-thinking on the continuity of pre-organic and organic development and the real underlying process in each. His acquaintance with the later physiology of sensation made him familiar with the hypothesis of a close correlation between the ultimate elements of mental and nervous change. To this it must be added that his mathematical and geometric imagination seized on the idea of a close spatial correspondence between the elements of an external visible object and the cerebral elements engaged in the act of vision. In this way he came to conceive that, though phenomenal objects were nothing but percepts existing in minds, there might answer to these in every case some *quasi*-mental reality, just as we know that in one class of cases, that of cerebral changes, which are a possible object to others, there corresponds a mental reality—namely, the individual consciousness. In other words, if we suppose that the reality in every particle of matter is an element of mind or a bit of "mind-stuff," then the building-up of animate and inanimate bodies with the process of evolution becomes in truth a single process—namely, a gradual combination of such mind-stuff in more and more complex forms. The universe thus becomes something real, independently of our perceptions, and is a unity, conscious mind being but a phase of the one ultimate reality.

This idea is by no means new, though Clifford seems hardly to have been aware of its antiquity. What is new about it is the author's mathematical way of putting it, which reaches its highest expression in the formula (ii. 86):—"As the physical configuration of my cerebral image of the object is to the physical configuration of the object, so is my perception of the object (the object regarded as complex of my feelings) to the thing in itself." Although this bold and brilliant hypothesis is thus deliberately put forward in a paper originally appearing in *Mind*, it is hardly possible to criticise it seriously as a complete and adequate theory of being. Clifford does not touch on any of the many difficulties which must at once suggest themselves to the philosophic student in connexion with the theory, some of which have been pointed out by Mr. Shadworth Hodgson (*Philosophy of Reflection*, i. 170, *et seqq.*), and by the present writer (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, new edition, article "Evolution"). It is doubtful whether Clifford really saw these difficulties, for his philosophic reading, we are told, was not wide. His confidence in this doctrine of being was perfect; he distinctly tells us it is not a speculation, "but a result to which all the greatest minds that have studied this question in the right way have gradually been approximating 'for a long time'" (ii. 61). Mr. Pollock tells us that it is a form of Idealism. But if, as it seems better, we contrast Idealism with Realism rather than with Materialism (whose true correlative would then be Spiritualism), Clifford's theory is distinctly a very pronounced Realism. And if, with Mr. Pollock, we call it a Monism, it will be well to remember that it bears much more resem-

blance to Leibnitz' doctrine of countless monads than to Spinoza's conception of one universal substance.

The most generally interesting part of Clifford's philosophic work was the ethical and religious. Here the whole *Æsop* of the man comes into view. As already mentioned, Clifford enthusiastically adopted the doctrine of evolution, and he is well known as one of the foremost advocates of its practical teaching. The first paper printed in these volumes, "On some of the Conditions of Mental Development" (a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution, 1868), is an attempt to draw certain practical conclusions from the theory of evolution; namely, the desirability of cultivating action rather than "assimilation," and of avoiding "crystallisation." The first duty is based on the idea that all permanent advancement is the result of spontaneous organic change and not of the direct action of the environment, the putting forward of which shows that the writer had not at that time studied Mr. Spencer's doctrine of evolution. Of a more hortatory character are the papers on "The Scientific Basis of Morals," "Right and Wrong," "The Ethics of Belief," "The Ethics of Religion," and "Cosmic Emotion" in the second volume. These essays, which have appeared in popular reviews, are probably still fresh in the reader's mind, and do not call for detailed notice. They all show the same moral earnestness and the same ethical opposition to religious systems, both as inculcating actions and motives that are wrong and as blinding men to the duty of individual enquiry. It looks as if Clifford, in throwing over his early High Churchism, did not and could not rid himself of the temperament that made him a High Churchman. One may almost perpetrate the paradox of saying that he had a thoroughly religious abhorrence of religion. His religiously nourished imagination seized Darwinism and transformed it into a holy obligation to aid the process of natural selection by a renunciation of the individual self in favour of the "tribal self." Even his language savours throughout of a distinctly religious and, we may add, Biblical type of sentiment. Nowhere does his essentially religious temperament show itself more plainly than in his summary rejection of Utilitarianism—"Happiness is not to be desired for its own sake, but for the sake of something else," namely, effective citizenship. To Clifford the ideal of life must contain an element of *Entsagung*: the asceticism of the Christian religion had penetrated him too deeply for him to adopt Hedonism in the frank way in which Mr. Spencer has recently done. It is the religious temper of the man, too, that breaks out in his curious essay on Cosmic Emotion, in which he labours to prove that it is fit and right to bless the principle of evolution which has brought life, if not immortality, to light on our globe, and probably on other planets also.

It may be added that in these essays there is very little appearance of scientific precision. The doctrine of Mr. Darwin is made the basis of ethics without any preliminary enquiry whether it will bear the weight imposed on it. A reflective reader will seek in vain among these papers

for a clear definition of the extent of the final end of action. Clifford tells us now to live for the tribe or community and now for the race, as though these things were logically connected, instead of being, within certain limits at least, distinctly opposed to one another. And what does the ethics of the tribe say to our relations to the lower animals? But as soon as we begin to raise questions like this, we see that Clifford's moral teaching is not adequately reasoned out. It needed the critical investigation which lectures and magazine articles do not obtain. And this remark applies, indeed, to all his philosophical essays.

Shall we, then, regret that Clifford did not concentrate himself more on some one subject in the great domain of philosophy, reading and reflecting as much as was necessary for a careful elaboration of new views? It would, perhaps, be rash to judge thus. After all, he may have best fulfilled his too short life by boldly mingling with the many conflicts of his time. He has left his mark on contemporary English thought and sentiment, and his writings, fragmentary though they are, may probably carry some bright flashes of insight to other generations than our own. In any case, we who read them, and through them see the living spirit behind, can hardly regret, at the moment when the picture completes itself on our mental retina, the emergence out of our generation of Englishmen of one in whom shone an intellect so clear and penetrating, who was sympathetically moved by all the best forces of his day, and who, at the same time, brought to every question he considered a moral fervour which links him with the best teachers of a more believing and earnest age.

JAMES SULLY.

The Life of Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D.
By George Smith, C.I.E., LL.D. In 2 Vols. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

DR. SMITH, whose previous biography of Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay, was lately reviewed in these columns, continues in this work his picture of an important chapter in modern Indian history. Were it not for the salutary warning given by Dr. Smith's constant and somewhat tedious use of superlatives, one would feel inclined to say of that school of philanthropists of which Dr. Duff and Dr. Wilson were such distinguished ornaments that its influence and importance could not be over estimated. It would be cause for regret if a panegyric continued in the highest strains of eulogy through more than a thousand stately pages were to produce the opposite effect to that intended by the writer. To expect the personal friend of one so justly admired and revered to give immediately after his death a critical and impartial judgment on his life and work would be unreasonable, and even unseemly. The value of Dr. Smith's biography lies in the very opposite direction. The author shares fully and enthusiastically the hopes, the sympathies, the antipathies, and the creed of his hero. He judges every question that arises from the same Scotch, Evangelical, supernatural, and philanthropic point of view, and he enters completely into the feelings,

motives, and aims which he undertakes to describe. The picture might have gained a greater comparative accuracy, a truer perspective, had it been drawn by one who stood outside the circle of ideas which moulded the character of Dr. Duff. But it may well be doubted whether anyone outside that circle would have undertaken the task of writing the work; or could, if he had, have introduced his reader so fully and frankly behind the scenes.

The two clergymen whose careers Dr. Smith has so enthusiastically portrayed had many points in common. They were alike in ignoring the lessons of history and the results of historical criticism, they were alike in their contempt for the literature and the religion of the peoples among whom they dwelt, and they were alike in their view that the best method of propagating their own belief among the natives of India was to commence by instructing Indian children in Western ideas, and in the rudiments of Western knowledge, through a course of study permeated by Christian influence. But while Dr. Wilson held it also incumbent on the Christian missionary to seek for weak points in the armour of his native opponents by a careful study of the sacred books of their religion, Dr. Duff preferred the contrary method of taking no notice of existing beliefs, and trusting entirely to the inculcation of his own views. When on his voyage out he lost almost all his books and MSS., Dr. Duff wrote to Dr. Inglis:—"They are gone, and, blessed be God, I can say gone without a murmur. So perish all earthly things, the treasure that is laid up in heaven alone is unassailable." Books might be useful, but the intrepid missionary did not need them to build the temple of his faith.

It is possibly owing to this point of view that Dr. Duff left no mark on literature. With the exception of some sermons, newspaper and magazine articles, and ephemeral controversial papers, he published only two series of lectures—the first, entitled *India and India Missions: including Sketches of the Gigantic System of Hinduism both in Theory and Practice* (1839); and the second, entitled *A Voice from the Ganges* (1843). As a contribution to our knowledge of the history of religious belief in India, these lectures are beneath notice, except for the evidence they will hereafter afford of that movement in which Dr. Duff himself took part. For, though the head of the Free Church Institute in Calcutta seems to have trusted to the account contained in the Westminster Confession and in the Catechism of his Church for the true history of the rise of man; and to have neither known, nor cared to know, much of the history of India; yet his long life of earnest activity has, without doubt, affected permanent results which the future historian of India will be required to estimate and to trace.

His biographer defends with vigour the superiority of the system by which Dr. Duff sought to make his influence felt. It is impossible to dispute any of the praise bestowed upon education; but when we remember the remarkable success, from a missionary point of view, of the very opposite system pursued by Francis Xavier, and of the

different systems pursued by Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay, and by the missionaries in Southern India, it becomes difficult to avoid acknowledging that the Christian preacher and the Christian controversialist have not a little to say on their side of the question. And if Dr. Duff's great influence is sufficient to prove that the funds of mission societies are properly expended in founding and conducting schools in order to afford scope to the Christian schoolmaster, the influence of the daily and weekly press might equally be cited in support of investing the capital of missionary societies in providing newspapers of wide circulation in order to afford scope to the Christian journalist. Without venturing to express any opinion on the proper application of missionary funds, we cannot but rejoice that the missionaries should be willing to supply in this respect a little of the lamentable omission of the Government of India. Successive generations of Indian children have received an elementary education in those widely isolated and fortunate spots where the mission schools have been established; and in one or two districts where such schools, belonging either to one or to diverse sects, have been thickly studded, entire peoples have been raised in the standard of civilisation. Yet the Indian Government spends more money in a week on war than it spends in a year to further the education of the many millions of the nations under its control and care.

Dr. Duff devoted his long life with unflinching earnestness and zeal to the cultivation of this neglected field of education; and his zeal, well tempered by tact and wisdom, and knowledge of men, was supported and strengthened by his indomitable will and his high personal character. The oppositions he had to face, not only from those of the same religious opinions as his own, but from both friends and foes of education in the official circle; the difficulties he had to meet—whether arising from want of funds, from the want of pupils, from the occasional conversion of pupils, or from the schism in the Presbyterian church; and the way in which he succeeded in overcoming most of the opposition and all the difficulties—all this is eloquently and well set forth in Dr. Smith's volumes. The present work will not be so interesting to the general public as his *Life of Dr. Wilson*; for it deals at much greater length with a comparatively one-sided career, and is consequently disfigured by frequent repetitions. But it cannot fail to be received with enthusiasm in the circles for whom it is more particularly designed, and it preserves a valuable memorial of the most able of a school of philanthropists who have done so much in many ways for India.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

NEW NOVELS.

Friend and Lover. By Iza Duffus Hardy. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Aground in the Shallows. By C. Ray. In 2 vols. (Remington & Co.)

Dowdenham: a Tale of High Life in the Present Period. By W. R. Anketill. (Marcus Ward & Co.)

Friend and Lover is the kind of reading

which the bereaved Henry I. might safely have indulged in without risk of a single smile—a long and decorous funeral procession, as it were, marshalled by a first-class undertaker. From a professional point of view the job is very neatly turned out. Moist griefs, dry despairs, cambric handkerchiefs both wet and dry, are Miss Hardy's vocation; with one hand she uses her weeds, like Walton's worm, as though she loved them; the other "she reaches forth"—and small blame to her for it—"to catch the far-off interest of tears." But even Mr. Mould could unbend at a wedding; not so Miss Hardy, whose pages carry us back to a country town we know which boasted but one public equipage—a hearse and three mourning coaches. If they crept slowly up the hill, it was a funeral; if they dashed madly round the churchyard corner it was a wedding. Pace was the sole but sufficient test; yet for these rustics, as for Miss Hardy's readers, odours of damp crape and funeral baked meats must mar the orange blossoms, and the nuptial morn glimmer somewhat sadly through the dingy, black-framed windows. But *Friend and Lover* has not even the excuse of necessity. It is not tragedy; it is not sermon; it is only the story of some very ordinary and rather nice people, whom we cannot allow to be heroes just because they sometimes act like brutes and idiots in order to prepare woes for themselves and pathetic scenes for the authoress. It is just because her powers are so genuine and so remarkable that we protest so strongly against their abuse. In spite of our growing disappointment, she leads us on by the charm of a refined style and of a sentiment dignified even when misplaced. We have never met a lady who knows how not to faint, who clutches a table, staggers to a chair, and with set teeth and straining staylances repressing the torrent of her indignation, calmly faces Destiny and the villain more grandly than Roberta, or who loses health and reason with such perfect good taste as Grace. There are several scenes, any one of which might form the climax of a much better book. Here they are quite lost, for *Friend and Lover* is nothing else but scenes from beginning to end linked by a most unfortunate plot. Roberta is a brave woman, whose lover, the widower Max, has been absent for years, and never troubles to write, though he burdens her with the charge of his daughter Grace. She also takes care of the wife and child of the hero, Richard, who, from mere restlessness, wanders to the Cape, where he shoots a man by mistake, who curses him in general terms. Richard hurries home in alarm, quite prepared to find Claire just killed in a collision. Little Effie shall console him—but no, the nursery window is open, and the child of the Curse is not one to lose such a fine opportunity. Poor Richard nurses Grace on his knee, and during another absence a romantic love springs up between them. She grows up, he returns, and proposes on board his yacht. Instant shipwreck is the result. He saves her life. But curses are serious things after all; so next morning he calmly bids her forget yesterday. In her haste to obey, the poor thing marries one Pierce, whom she had met travelling in a caravan at the fair. He robs and beats her. She flies to Roberta; he follows, and is shot

by Richard, who is again suffering from his old enemy, the Curse. Grace lingers long between life and death. Max now returns—but, alas! for Roberta, with a foreign bride. Richard, in disguise, must speak a last word to his victim. This new shock causes a relapse. She mends under the smiles of a new lover named Roy. Richard must now speak just another last word, and is shot for a burglar by Roy. The Curse is thus appeased, for it turns out that its author was Roy's long-lost sire. Richard sinks to rest with a deep sense of the general fitness of things, which permits him to offer a bride in exchange for a father. Had the authoress thus drawn out a bald analysis of her plot, we are sure that she would never have subjected such charming characters as Grace, Roberta, or her brother William to its trammels. We admit her power to make us more wretched than we are already; if only she would cheer up a little, and take less doleful views of life, she might easily succeed in making us a little happier.

We shall not—for we need not—say much in praise of such a fresh and wholesome book as *Aground in the Shallows*. We recommend it strongly and without reserve, but to those only who prefer settled principles, healthy sentiment, and straightforward writing to the spasms and megrims of more fashionable novelists. It is indeed written with a purpose—but a very good one—and is by no means the worse for it. A difficult subject—that of youthful promise ending in failure, not without repentance—is here treated in a way which may be both compared and contrasted somewhat suggestively with Balzac's study of Lucien Chardon. New wine, however good, can hardly dispense with its bush, but at least it needs no lengthy advertisements. So we will not attempt them.

As for *Dowdenham*, those who have ever tried to guess a stupid riddle will appreciate the irritation it has caused us. What does it all mean? who wrote it? why? how? for whom? Yet *Dowdenham*, which is "respectfully dedicated to the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire, *benigno numine*," is quite a serious book. One personage at least, Her Grace of Dowdenham, is, it seems, a deity still incarnate in the flesh, who aforesaid time has not disdained the author's murky incense, and once even suffered him to attend her on her orbit as Lady Bountiful to the bedside of a village crone, upon whom, with reckless prodigality, she lavished a "beautifully expressed prayer," and a few of the old dame's own gilliflowers, which she rummaged out of a jug on the window-sill. Staggered by this fantastic beneficence, the author pours forth—"I was amazed. Could this, I thought, be the woman whom I had met amid the glitter of rank and state?" and at last perorates thus:—

"Happy rural England, where such things are possible! Would that they were so in the sister country! But there . . . the religious difficulty renders it impracticable, and the want of cottage cleanliness absolutely prohibits ladies from entering the dwellings of the poor." "Sneering democrats," he fears, will call this "sentimental twaddle." Possibly; but to one indulgent Tory, no twaddle ever seemed more coarsely prosaic. Again, the grand wedding is

also autobiographical, for, speaking of the presents, he exclaims, "Would that we felt ourselves competent to describe the *tableau* which we had the privilege to see," and then refers us to the "*Court Journal*, with its customary eloquence," for details of "that unprecedented display." Next follows the breakfast. One touch is exquisite. "We have, indeed, preserved a *menu* embossed with tinted Cupids and other designs, so ravishingly attractive that, enclosed in a gilded frame, it now adorns our table." How Thackeray would have relished this! Strangest of all is the Preface, the fatuity and bad taste of which beggars description. It consists of a letter from the publisher to the author praising the book, and enclosing some strictures by a "Girl of the Period," and then of the author's triumphant reply. But we must give up the Dowdenham mystery in despair, for even the *Saltire raguly* blazoned on the cover fails to help us. As a novel without a plot it needs no analysis, so we will do no more than fish up a few pearls from its deep sea of nonsense. Its High Life is, after all, rather High Death, or a torpor near akin to it—a mere nightmare born of the intoxication of patronage. The finest conception is the Monster-Duke, quintessence of pomposity, childishness, ignorance, and vulgarity. He is, of course, adored in all his attributes—even in his wit. "The Earl was not, as the Duke humorously hinted, a misogynist" (*sic*); again, "Dowdenham, as the Duke facetiously said, had again become the 'abode of love.'" Of his sweet converse let this suffice: "I'm mum, 'pon honour, Miss Mulligan." "His position as a Privy Councillor" (in Opposition) enables him to utilise during the recess the secrets of the Government, and to prepare for next session under the tuition of the Irish Curate, who boasts of having "commuted, compounded, and cut." Our poor *Duc pour rire* is a far less virulent bore than this Mulligan, whose lectures, ever harking back to Ireland's wrongs, form the staple of the book. No need to say that the dual portals, barred against "the rush of the democratic avalanche," fly open before this kindred spirit and his sisters—hoydens whose every word is a separate romp, and who address his Grace thus, "Ah, behave now, Duke! It's poking fun at me ye are," or "There now, I've let it all out. I declare to me Maker I'll talk no more." Even the Duchess never permits herself more than an occasional "O my gracious!" The heroine, an opera singer, and adopted child of the Duchess, as a worthy daughter of her *émigré* sire—who, by-the-way, "sank to rest, *décoré* with the insignia of nobility, in a cottage near Fulham. It was recorded that his last words were *Ma femme, ma fille, ma patrie*" (*sic*)—patters thus with a British Earl. "*Ah, que voulez vous?*—I must—but for a time; all *débutantes* you are aware come out in Paris." "*C'est vrai*; but we shall hear you in London next season?" "*Cela dépend*; perhaps." The Very Rev. the Dean of Dowdenham resides with his curate at the deanery, situated in the heart of the Duke's deer-park, which stretches for miles in every direction. One Macfarlane appears and prates in two chapters; to elucidate which we are referred to the Appendix, where we find a Scotch "Glossary" of ten columns made up of hard words like

auld, burn, canny, and siller. A new remedy, the *Tic Sano*, is handsomely puffed on p. 416. Finally, in the last chapter the funeral is affectingly described, and the epitaph given in *facsimile*, of one Hubert Athelstane, a character who either never appeared in the book at all, or more likely was cut out in its revision. It remains to view Mr. Ancketill as a poet, and a bold one too—for of himself and his fatherland he sings thus (so far as we can we will substitute italics for comments):—

"Thy trophies of warfare they still hang neglected,
Cold as the warriors to whom they were known;
But the harp of Old Erin shall still be respected,
While there lives but one bard to give life to
its tone."

Yet to do justice to the *sylphide* Louise he is forced, he says, to borrow from the Sanskrit, which he does with crushing effect.

"Where'er you walk the stately step we see
Of India's elephant excelled by thee."

But his *magnum opus* is the "Courtship of Milcawatha" (an Irish milkmaid) in hexameters, or rather some ten out of the hundred and fifty verses are hexameters, and the rest—well, we do not quite know what they are. This poem is positively no burlesque, but perpetrated in sheer simplicity, even such lines as these:—

"Red were her tresses, bright red and shining,
Like a bundle of carrots
Wash'd in a mountain stream, and glistening with
watery pearl-drops;
Straight out behind her they waved like the tail
of a fiery comet,
As it appears to the eye, unaided by spectral
assistance."

This last line, correct in metre, is superb in its bathos and stupidity. The lover soon appears. As they recall their childish sports, one shudders at the horrible *gourmandise* suggested by the bad syntax:—

"Gathering blackberries on the briar bush down in
the scrubbery;
Sitting with their feet in the water catching
pinkeens, greedily
Trying to gobble a worm as big as themselves,
stuck on a rush."

After this feast we are told they ran home and positively

"Fell asleep, and slept sound, till the hot smoking
porridge was ready,
Got their faces and hands washed, and were told
to go straight to school,
But they didn't."

The courtship is rudely disturbed by the damsel's father with "his horny fist," and the lovers decamp to America. The old man dies, and

"The priest took toll for masses for his soul, the
rest into Tipperary
Bank he put: that went smash, in the dreadful
crash, some twenty years ago."

An Epilogue represents the young couple as now Chief and Chiefess of the Red Feet Indians—she, "riding man-like upon her fiery steed;" he, adorned "with tiger's claws, and with Comanche scalps hanging round his swarthy waist." "Upon my word," said the Duke with his usual felicity, "the lines are very good, and I really do believe such things have happened." For our part we are quite ready to believe in anything and everything—from the respected harp of Old Erin to Young Erin's courageous worm-banquets; in Mr. Ancketill's Parnassus—

"that non-euphoniously named Row that bounds the metropolitan park;" in his Hippocrene—the Hibernian bog; yes, even in his Pegasus—the long-snouted, curly-tailed *dacent crathur*, who must, however, as a mere quadruped, have grunted, we fear, somewhat sulkily under this unfair load of eight-footed hexameters.

E. PURCELL.

RECENT VERSE.

Laura Dibalzo. By R. H. Horne. (Newman and Co.) Mr. Horne's new drama is almost entirely one of action, and the literary element is kept much more in the background than has been usual with him. The scene is laid in the worst days of the Bomba rule at Naples, and the plot turns on an abortive conspiracy, the members of which are arrested, plied with all sorts of violence and treachery to make them confess, and, finally, executed in more or less horrible fashions. Where the author has given scope to his poetical power (as in the speeches of the chief conspirators at their interrupted meeting) it is easy to discern that his hand has lost none of its cunning, and everywhere the blank verse is of the best tragic kind. But, as we have said, the play is one almost wholly of bustle and action. It is definitely meant to be represented, and, in days when such work could have been represented, would probably have had good success; but it appeals rather to the direct sympathies of an audience with the pitiful and terrible fate of the characters than to the reader's admiration of perfect literature, and hence it does not lend itself well to purely literary criticism.

A Sinful Woman. By J. T. Burton Wollaston. (James Blackwood.) Mr. Burton Wollaston has written in *Don Juan*-like verse of not bad quality, and has "unambitiously" illustrated a curiously rambling story, the head and the tail of which are not always easy to distinguish. That Mr. Wollaston on one occasion kissed an extremely attractive young lady twenty times in a wood near Gloucester, and at another period met her on the Parade at Lyme Regis, are the facts which are most distinct to us. The first experience must have been satisfactory; the second was, we gather under the circumstances, far from being so. The heroine was not sinful at all to the best of our apprehension, though somebody died of grief because she refused to be sinful. This incoherent and rather pointless legend is told in a manner much superior to the matter. The verse is, as we have said, good, and there are occasional digressive outbursts which lack neither feeling nor felicity of expression. Mr. Wollaston, however, must attend to the ordinary conditions of story-telling if he wishes to tell a story that is to be read.

The Weed. By C. W. Palmer. (O. Kegan Paul and Co.) An odd little poem on tobacco and things in general in heroic couplets of fair quality.

Night Winds. By E. W. Spawton. (Leicester: Catlow.) A collection of what may without offence be called provincial verse of the usual Poets'-corner kind.

Lays of the Covenanters. By James Dodds. With a Memoir of the Author by the Rev. J. Dodds, of Dundee. (Edinburgh: MacLaren.) The Rev. James Dodds apologises for the length of the Life which he has prefixed to this issue of his cousin's poems. No apology, however, was needed. The Life is a very interesting specimen of biography, and is very well done, allowance being made for a natural and not ungraceful magnifying of the subject. Mr. Dodds, the subject in question, was not an ordinary person. He went through a series of vicissitudes which would have been remarkable

in any case, and which were specially remarkable in the case of a Scotch lad educated like the rest of his kind, half by charity and half by the sturdy self-denial of himself and his kin. Mr. Dodds, who was born in 1813, went through the usual run of common school and university education, apparently with the usual hope of becoming minister or dominie. He was, however, an unusually masterful young person, and he finally broke loose in a fashion the most terrible to his class and nation. He became a strolling actor, and pursued that most godless of vocations for some months in the north of England. Luckily, however—or unluckily, for who can tell?—he was met by a kind acquaintance, and coaxed back into the pale of respectability. Then, for some years, he was schoolmaster at Sandyknowe, under the shadow of Smaylhome Tower, and in the centre of memories of Scott. From this employment promotion took him to the sphere of a writer's clerk in a country town. At length he moved to Edinburgh, and, after becoming a full-fledged solicitor, made his way to London, where affluence seems to have come upon him in his profession of parliamentary lawyer. Very early in his career he had had literary leanings, and the biography contains some admirable letters of Mr. Carlyle's to him on this subject. Later, Leigh Hunt seems also to have been a familiar of his. His business, as his early mentor hinted, made him a much stronger staff than literature, but he did not abandon the Muses. He became, in casual visits to Scotland, celebrated as an orator, and, from the specimens given in this book, we are bound to say that he seems to have become proficient in the tawdry tall-talk which does duty as oratory with provincial audiences. The Covenanters were a favourite subject of his, and he wrote a book on them, which seems to have been popular in Scotland. These "Lays" are not destitute of power. They are, however, very slenderly endowed with any definitely poetical merit, and such interest as they may excite must arise rather from sympathy with the sentiments expressed than from approval of the manner of expression.

Waifs and Strays. By Mrs. A. M. Münster. (Marcus Ward.) This appears to be a collection of verses the composition of which extended over a good many years. We gather this from the inclusion of a poem on "Christmas 1854," which would hardly have suggested itself to anyone whose adolescence was not contemporary with the "Ghost's Derby." Mrs. Münster has a graceful fancy and a correct ear; her work, to a certain extent, lacks distinction, but that it has merit of a minor kind will appear from the following:—

"LAID BY.

"Laid by in my silent chamber
I hear them stirring below;
Voices I love are sounding clear
And steps I know are in mine ear,
Still passing to and fro.
And I ask my heart, Shall I never more
Of mine own will pass through that door?"

"I ask, Oh! is it for ever
That I have ceased to be
One of the group around the hearth,
Sharing their sorrow or their mirth?
Am I from henceforth free
From all concern with the things of life,
Done with its sorrow, and toil, and strife?"

"Shall they carry me forth in silence,
With blind and sealed-up eyes?
Shall they throw the windows wide to the air
And gather mementoes here and there,
As they think, with tears and sighs,
'This she was fond of,—this she wore,
But she never shall need them any more.'"

Tales of My Father's Fireside. By C. Arnold. (Provost.) We have no doubt that these tales

(which form a sort of Salmagundi of prose and verse) were very satisfactorily received at the fireside, where they are said to have been composed. But we fear we cannot congratulate Miss Arnold on the idea of introducing them to a wider public than that which saw their birth. There are many things which are capital as improvisations, but which bear as badly as ordinary wine the severe test of keeping and exposure. For instance, a parody of *Excelsior* with the refrain "Agusuar" would, no doubt, have a success in MS. It can hardly be said to be successful in print.

A Drama, and Poems; also Inventions and Suggestions. By W. J. Bryant. (Wyman and Sons.) It is with a real regret that we feel unable to give the space necessary for a full review of this remarkable book. The "Drama" is couched in a style extremely suggestive of the Abbey of Quedlinburg. The scene is laid on the beach at Hayling Island within sight of Osborne, which latter building is several times referred to with pride. There are smugglers with pistols and fatal consequences, facetious coastguardsmen of an Elizabethan cast, eloquent ladies maids, an unfortunate lover of the name of Stephenson, and several other choice inventions. Of the poems it may be well to give a short sample:—

"And the trees with garments new
Shew their fine artistic forms
With original effect.
But why should I pursue
A race among these charms,
Or think I can reflect?"

"These pleasures to the sense;
For though I could commend [*sic*]
Language like a river,
Such varied excellence
Appears on either hand
To be described never."

The "Inventions and Suggestions" are of a type usual enough in itself, but very unusual as an Appendix to a volume of poems. They deal with the raising of sunken ships, the prevention of fire, &c., &c. Strange to say, there is not a receipt for a flying-machine among them.

The Exile, and other Verses. By the Hon. Thomas Talbot. (Sampson Low and Co.) Mr. Talbot has a considerable share of the fatal facility in stringing anapaests together which seems to belong to so many Irishmen. He rarely stumbles into absolute prose, but we can hardly say that his verse ever rises into anything approaching the upper region of poetry. His translations are fair, but no more can be said for them, and his selection of the Greek moralists for his chief field of practice is hardly calculated to display his powers, such as they are, to much advantage.

From April to August: Artless Verses. By Edward Grosvenor. (T. H. Roberts and Co.) Mr. Grosvenor ingeniously enough confesses that he has not tried "to give finish to verses which he is not sure are worth the attempt." In fact, nothing is to be found between the covers of his pamphlet but the kind of verse most lads write between fifteen and twenty.

Poems and Ballads. By Mrs. Toogood. (Chapman and Hall.) The following extract from one of Mrs. Toogood's poems will perhaps give a fairer idea of her poetical quality than much elaborate criticism could do:—

"Yes! it is music's dulcet pleading,
Her enchanting power we know;
Breezy spirit, still receding
Far where discord dies below,
O'er rough cliffs in stillness leading
Smooth those placid waters flow.
"Feath'ry winged one, onward soaring,
Bent on the aerial way;
Calling while fierce foes are warring,
We the winning voice obey."

Urgent gusts in strains are pouring;

Following, we pursue the way."

If this is intended for what they call in French an *amphigouri*—that is to say, a parody of sense—it is decidedly good; but if it be intended to be sense itself, we are afraid that Mrs. Toogood has rather missed her mark. She is not always in this seventh heaven of language divorced from meaning, and some of her Wordsworthian poems have merit in their way; but we cannot honestly say that anything in the book strikes us as having been worth the trouble of writing, let alone that of the press.

Poems and Sonnets. By Harriet Stockall. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) We have not often come across anything approaching to the desperate mediocrity of this volume. In all its three hundred and odd pages and its possibly six or seven thousand lines, there is hardly one of the usual absurdities of the minor poet, and, at the same time, there is hardly one of the occasional felicities of fancy or expression into which even the minor poet usually stumbles "once in a hundred years," to use the refrain of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's charming poem. Miss Stockall appears to be a regular contributor of occasional verse to the poets' corners of some weekly papers, and in the discharge of this function she has attained to something of the workman-like facility which most practised journalists of some culture can boast. When a steamer goes down, or a princess is married, or a popular author dies, Miss Stockall promptly seeks her davenport and turns out a copy of verses possessing about the same literary merit as the average leading article. The only difference is that the leader-writer does not usually attempt to rescue his journey-work from the oblivion to which the beneficent course of nature condemns it, and Miss Stockall does. We have looked in vain through the volume for any faint *scintilla* of originality, and we have not found it. Of the matter as contradistinguished from the manner of the book it may be sufficient to say that the author congratulates Dickens on having gained "the scholar's bays," and that she arranges Mr. Tennyson's qualifications as those of a

"Great poet, greater preacher, greatest sage."

Russian Despotism; or, the Polish Lovers. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By George Ensor. (Dublin: Gill.) This is a delightful work, to which we regret that space prevents us from doing full justice. A vague reminiscence of dramas of the "Stranger" period pervades it, and the persons and language, though sometimes more outspoken than is customary in these mealy-mouthed days, are very nice. Of the versification, some idea may be obtained from the following lines:—

"The town's alive with news. The patriots
Lately met—a shattered band—in the old
Amphitheatre. By Jove, I tremble for the good
Count's life if what I've heard be true!"

As to the plot, we do not find ourselves equal to the composition of an argument. A fiendish Russian count, of the worst morals, tyrannises right and left, and indulges, or endeavours to indulge, his wicked desires at the expense of a certain Julia Niemur, who is frequently called Miss Niemur—a piece of politeness which rather interferes with the local colour. There is also a very delightful nurse who is able to procure poisons and loaded pistols for the victims of tyranny with the most satisfactory promptitude. The natural result is a tremendous scene at the end which reduces the churchyard passages of *Romeo and Juliet* to insignificance. Everybody poisons or shoots himself and everybody else, and the curtain falls, or ought to fall, amid roars of applause. Why did not Mr. Ensor offer his tragedy to some discriminating manager?

The White Africans. By Pardio. (Tinsley Bros.) This is a book which, with very

great drawbacks, shows evidence of poetical power much superior to that of the ordinary minor poet. The author has unfortunately adopted the incoherent style and has carried it out unflinchingly. His plot is *nil*, though there is a certain sequence of events. A missionary is introduced urging monogamy on the king of an aboriginal race of white Africans. The king tells the history of his taking a second wife, and refuses to put her away. Then, by an abrupt transition, we are thrown into the midst of a war between the white king and his black neighbours. He escapes down a river in a miraculous way, and joins his main forces only to be overthrown by numbers. The fate of the two queens finishes the poem, which is defaced by some utterly unnecessary references in foot-notes to the late Zulu contest. Pardio, as his singular pseudonym would seem to show, has little critical power, and his verse is constantly overstepping the perilous border-line between passion and bombast. But, extravagant as he generally is, he has now and then an unmistakable ring, as in these lines:—

"On he dashed himself. See! in a moment wide
o'pe,
As a door, stood the jungle; and slope after slope
Swelled out, and then hid; sparkled flowers of all
dyes,
And with life bright as winged flowers [*sic*] or
gems, earth and skies
Were all movement and colour, and where the
trees' grace
Would be charm's crown, their columns and frond-
age had place.
Two slight towering forms leaning each towards
each,
Whose boughs flow as robes, and as sound of love-
speech
All their murmurs: a grim giant here: here a
grove
Where like athletes the thronging stems twined
limbs and strove.
And there, to what seems to the up-mounting
sight
But a needle's point down through a hundred
yards' height,
Evermore widening evenly out round on round
Till the dark branches' tips flickering high o'er
the ground
Feather-like make a tent where a king's court
might rest,
A mimosa stood clear on the fairest knoll-crest."

It is clear that the writer of this has good gifts. At the same time it must be evident how close the style is to becoming a mere chaos of words, and this consummation is too often actually reached in *The White Africans*. Pardio requires, if anything is to be made of him, the most resolute pruning.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Bulgaria since the War: Notes of a Tour in the Autumn of 1879, by James George Minchin, will shortly be brought out by Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON have in the press and nearly ready for publication a sketch of the Life of Amalie von Lasaulx (1815-72), translated by Lady Durand from the French of M. Lecoultré; *The Early History of the Athanasian Creed*, the results of some original research, by G. D. W. Ommannney, M.A., Vicar of Draycot, Somerset; a new edition of *The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play*, by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, M.A., with all the necessary information about this year's performance; and *Apostolical Succession in the Church of Sweden*, by the Rev. Dr. Nicholson.

THE first volume of Mr. Goddard's *History of the Administration of John de Witt* has been translated into Dutch by Dr. van Deventer, of Dordrecht, and a special English edition for the Continent has been brought out at the Hague by Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

A WANT often felt by lecturers upon the connexion between the monuments of Egypt and Assyria and the Bible has been to some extent supplied by the Rev. S. R. Macphail. In a series of thirty diagrams, lithographed from drawings by Mr. B. Pollock Simpson, he has brought together under the general title of *Monumental Witnesses to Old Testament History* a number of subjects from ancient monuments bearing, or supposed to bear, upon the history of the Jews and circumstances related in the Bible. The plates are of large size, measuring thirty-two inches by twenty-eight, and, being issued in a strong and handsome portfolio, may be taken as the nucleus of a collection, to be from time to time added to in order to suit the requirements of different lecturers. Messrs. William Collins, Sons and Co. are the publishers.

ON August 1 Messrs. Muquardt, of Brussels, will publish a work in four volumes, entitled *Cinquante Ans de Liberté: Tableau du Développement actuel de la Belgique depuis 1830*.

HERR GROTE, who has already published the letters of Catherine II. to Grimm, has been commissioned to publish the letters addressed by Grimm to the Empress; they are about fifty in number, and were discovered in the Imperial Archives and in the collection of Count Vorontsov.

THE Memoirs of Talleyrand will not, it appears, be given to the world till eight years after those of Metternich. When Talleyrand died in 1838, he left his Memoirs to M. de Bacourt, with instructions to publish them thirty years after his death, unless special circumstances should render a longer delay desirable. On the death of M. de Bacourt in 1865 he bequeathed the Memoirs to MM. Andral and Chatelain, forbidding their publication till 1888. It is said that the reason for the further delay was certain references to M. Thiers.

MESSRS. HETZEL AND QUANTIN are about to publish, for the fiftieth anniversary of *Hernani*, the first volume of an edition of the complete works of Victor Hugo. It will comprise, not only all the author's writings which have already appeared or may hereafter appear, but also his inedited works, with notes, variants, &c. The texts will be scrupulously revised under M. Hugo's immediate superintendence.

Πανελληνιον Ἡμερολόγιον, or the *Panhellenic Annual* for the year 1880, edited by Socrates A. Parasyrakes, first year (Williams and Norgate), contains a calendar with the festivals and saints' days of the Greek Church, and a chronological table of the chief events in the Greek War of Independence, together with a number of contributions in prose and poetry by writers both Greek and English. Among those in the former language we may mention a letter of Koraës of the year 1815, and modern Greek poems by well-known names, such as Rhangabé and Koumanoudes. English readers will be interested by a paper on modern Greek in its relation to the study of classical Greek by Prof. Jebb, and an essay in Greek and English on the present position of the Greek nation by Mr. E. A. Freeman. But the gem of the collection is a poem on "Theseus" by Prof. Blackie, which has great spirit and lyric flow. The work is illustrated by lithographs and photographs of no great merit, among which will be found likenesses of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and of the King, Queen, and heir apparent of Greece, and a view of the new Greek church in London.

MESSRS. W. SATCHELL AND Co. are about to issue in parts a novel by Mrs. J. Francis Foster, entitled *Columba*, with occasional papers on subjects connected with the story.

THE *Revue Critique* of the 9th inst. contains a characteristic letter from the Chevalier d'Eon to

l'Abbé Grégoire, written in London, September 4, 1802.

A SPECIAL Committee in connexion with the Russian Ministry of Education has been occupied since 1872 in arranging for publication the correspondence of the Czar Peter the Great. A subsidy of 8,000 roubles has been required for this purpose, and the work, which will contain various annotations and appendices in addition to the letters, and will form a volume of about 115 pages, is expected to appear at St. Petersburg in the course of the present year. In order to preserve the archaisms and orthographical peculiarities, special types are being cast at the foundry belonging to the Second Section of the Emperor's private chancellery. Two hundred copies of a fine edition will be printed for the Imperial family. The edition on ordinary paper will consist of from 1,200 to 1,500 copies.

MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY will begin a course of four lectures on "Dryden and his Period" at the Royal Institution on Saturday, February 28.

THE sons of the late Dr. Mordtmann have presented their father's MSS. to the American Library of Constantinople, and the gift has been accepted by the Patriarch with a public expression of thanks.

THE English Executive Committee of the International Literary Association are making arrangements for a series of Literary Monday afternoons in aid of the funds of the association, to take place at Steinway Hall in the course of the present season. On Monday, February 23, at three p.m., Mr. Edward Jenkins will read *Gin's Baby*; on March 8, Mr. Justin McCarthy will tell the story of Dekker's comedy *The Roaring Girl*; and on March 22, Mr. W. R. S. Ralston will tell some Russian stories. Other lectures, &c., will be announced in due course.

MR. WILLIAM BEAMONT has just issued, through P. Pearse, of Warrington, a work entitled *Three Dramas of Shakspeare: Richard II., Henry IV. (Part I.), Henry IV. (Part II.)*, being three papers read before the Chester Historic Society, with the object of pointing out the references made in these plays to Chester and Cheshire men and events.

M. LE COMTE DE CHARENCEY, who has already written so much upon ancient symbolism, has had printed in a separate form a paper entitled *Le Fils de Vierge*. In it are collected numerous legends of a miraculous birth of a virgin mother, to be found in the traditions of various countries.

WE learn from the *Revue Critique* that M. E. Senart is preparing a revised translation, with commentary, of the inscriptions of Asoka; M. Ch. Thurot has sent to press his great work on French pronunciation in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; MM. Firmin-Didot are to publish immediately a new edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels, with numerous illustrations carefully prepared from documents of the various periods; the Abbé de Broglie is to deliver a course of lectures on the history of non-Christian cults at the Catholic University of Paris; Herr Otto Kammel has just published (Leipzig: Duncker and Humblot) a volume on the beginnings of German life in Austria to the end of the Carolingian period, forming the first of a series on the history of the German element in Austria; a second and enlarged edition is announced of Signor Giovanni Procacci's *Niccolò Forteguerri e la Satira toscana dei suoi Tempi*.

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL AND Co., following the excellent example of certain Paris publishers, are bringing luxurious editions—at once very dainty and very serviceable—of English classics within the reach of booklovers of modest

means. Books which are also works of art have, indeed, never been wholly extinct among us; but they have hitherto, for the most part, been accessible only to the favoured few. The new edition of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and of Selected Poems from Shelley, with their parchmentbinding that will grow mellow and not shabby with the lapse of years, their rough handmade paper undecorated by trimming, and their exquisite typography—so perfect that we need no imprint to suggest the name of the Chiswick Press—are as moderate in their demand on our purses as they are goodly in their appeal to our eyes. They remove a reproach from the English book-trade, and diminish the poignancy of our regret that we were not contemporaries of the Aldi or the Elzevirs. Though his task was an infinitely easier one, Mr. Richard Garnett has, in the second volume of this series, done for Shelley somewhat the same service as Mr. Matthew Arnold has done for Wordsworth in the "Golden Treasury" Selections.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

THE thirty-first annual report of the Astor Library, which has just been submitted to the Legislature at Washington, shows the enormous progress made by this admirable institution. A new era is marked in the history of the library by the fact that Mr. John Jacob Astor, following in the steps of his father and grandfather, has conveyed to the trustees a piece of land adjoining the present building on the north, and he also proposes to furnish the funds for an additional building, increasing the working space of the library by almost one-half. Some facts in connexion with the foundation and the progress of this public benefaction will be of interest to our readers. In 1848, Mr. John Jacob Astor, the well-known millionaire, provided by a bequest of 400,000 dollars "for the establishment of a public library in New York," naming, as first trustees, Washington Irving, William B. Astor, Fitzgreen Halleck, and Samuel B. Ruggles, of whom only Mr. Ruggles now survives. On February 1, 1853, the library was opened, offering, without restriction, to the public use eighty thousand volumes, carefully selected, classified, and systematically arranged. Two years afterwards it was found that more space was required, and Mr. Wm. B. Astor accordingly took most liberal measures to extend the usefulness of the institution. Additional buildings were erected, and in the year 1859 the whole library had a frontage of 130 feet, and contained upwards of 110,000 volumes. The total amount expended for books, beginning with 27,000 dollars in 1849, had risen in 1869—that is, twenty years after the incorporation—to more than 240,000 dollars. By the year 1875 the property of the library had almost doubled. Since that date it has still further increased, through the munificence of the present representative of the family, Mr. John Jacob Astor, so that the total value of the property is now no less than 1,112,957 dollars. The fund for the maintenance of the library has also grown to 421,000 dollars, while the number of books has reached almost 200,000. The Astor Library, which in its inception and its growth is entirely the result of private enterprise, is probably unexampled in the history of similar undertakings.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Antiquary. Vol. I., No. 2, February, 1880. (Elliot Stock.) The present number of the *Antiquary* quite reaches the high level attained by the last. Dr. Hayman's "Historical Memories of Tewkesbury Abbey" is continued therein, and is, without doubt, the most important paper in the number. Mr. Kinglake's "Valhalla of Somerset Worthies" is most

pleasant reading, and if, as is probable, it contains nothing new, there are many things in it which it is well to have recalled to our minds. Some few things are, however, put somewhat too strongly. We do not wish to depreciate Pym. He was a good and honest man, furnished with an intellect of great power and directness, but it is not quite fair to say that "to him we owe practically the constitution under which we live." Had the men of war of his day no share therein? Are the results of Naseby and Dunbar to count for nothing? What, also, of the great Whig nobles of the Revolution time and the days of the early Georges? We have not space to mention all the papers, but must not omit to say that Mr. Lach-Szyrma's article on "The Last Relics of the Cornish Tongue" is important. This cannot be said of the paper on "The Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis." Whether he or Gersen was really the author of the book is yet an open question. We ourselves lean strongly to the side of the former, but nothing whatever is given here which throws new light on the question.

THE German Lutherans have now their church monthly, and very different it is from any Church Review known in England. The *Zeitschrift für kirchliche Wissenschaft und kirchliches Leben* opens its first number with an important article by Delitzsch (the first of a series on Pentateuch criticism) on the Law of Leprosy in Leviticus, chiefly against the recent criticism of Wellhausen. Kahnis treats of the apologetic argument for Christianity. "The Conscience," "Historical Pictures from Christian Antiquity," and "Luther's Biography" supply the material of solid but not uninteresting articles.

WE have received two numbers for the last year of the *Quarterly Journal* of the Poona Sarvajanic Sabha, which is published for Rs.1.8 (say 3s.), and can be obtained in London from Messrs. Trübner. The Sabha, or Association, appears to be primarily of a political character. Of all great Indian cities, Poona is perhaps the best representative of independent native opinion. It has a numerous and wealthy population, of a distinct national type, who still cherish the traditions of Mahratta supremacy. It possesses several educational institutions, where the highest instruction is imparted in English. At the same time, the proportion of European inhabitants, other than civil and military officials, is comparatively small. Under these circumstances, Poona has developed a form of political agitation which is well deserving of attention. Regarding the opinions expressed we have nothing to say here, except that the style of expression is more vigorous and logical than that of any similar writings that we have seen from the Bengal Presidency. Among literary announcements, we are glad to observe a promise to print translations of unpublished Mahratta chronicles, to be compared with the account of the same events given by Grant Duff. It is not generally known that Macaulay was indebted for not a few of the most vivid touches in his essays on "Clive" and "Hastings" to the contemporary chronicler who compiled the *Sair-i-Mutakharim*. The chief hope of future historians of India lies in the discovery of such fresh materials, which probably exist everywhere in abundance.

THE *Revista Contemporanea* of January 30 contains a valuable report by A. Sanchez Moguel "On the Condition of Romance Philological Studies in Spain." This would have been more useful to foreigners had the writer stated where the various articles on Spanish provincial dialects appeared, and are now to be obtained. There is an excellent review of Señor Sellé's last drama, *El Cielo ó el Suelo*, by J. Ugarte. Fault is found with the plot and ethics, but the

poetic merits of the piece are highly appreciated. The doctrine of non-intervention is warmly advocated by an anonymous writer in the case of Morocco. Lighter literature is represented by an amusing historical sketch, "Las Cuartanas del Principe de Eboli," by Jimenez de la Espada. Revilla begins an earnest pleading for "Necessary Reforms in Education in Spain."

WE have received the first two quarterly numbers of the *Boletín del Ateneo Barcelonés*, the organ of the literary and patriotic revival in Catalonia. An interesting biography of Señor Güell y Ferrer, one of the great Catalan manufacturers, appropriately opens the volume; but the most important piece in these two numbers is a prize essay "On the Causes which hindered the Development and occasioned the Downfall of Industry in Spain," by A. Béch y Puyol. The subject is treated historically; and in the present numbers is continued only to the end of the Austrian dynasty. In the second *Boletín* there is a fine fragment in Catalan verse of Balaguer's unpublished tragedy, "Lo Comte de Foix." The catalogue of works belonging to the Ateneo is not the least useful part of this publication.

OBITUARY.

DR. ALEXANDER KEITH died on February 7 at Buxton at the advanced age of eighty-nine. Born in Aberdeenshire in 1791, he published the first edition of his great work on *The Literal Fulfilment of Prophecy* in 1823, and in 1839 became one of a deputation sent by the General Assembly to various Eastern countries with the view of establishing missions to the Jews. It is worth while to mention this fact, because the missions in which this journey issued were the first strictly Church missions to the Jews since the times of the apostles. Dr. Keith held views on prophecy which very few educated theologians would now endorse. History and the literature of travel were ransacked by him for evidence of the literal fulfilment of prophetic descriptions down to the minutest and apparently poetical details. Jealous as he was for the inspiration of prophecy, as he, at least, understood it, he was a man of an affectionate disposition and no mere controversialist. Readers of the life of Dr. John Duncan will remember the remarkable episode at Pesth in which Dr. Keith plays so important a part.

THE death is also announced of Mr. Joseph O'Longan, the skilful facsimilist of old Gaelic volumes reproduced by the Royal Irish Academy; of Dr. T. M. Brewer, of Boston, joint-author of the *History of North American Birds*; of the Rev. G. B. Paley, author of *Saul of Tarsus: a Dramatic Sketch, &c.*; of the Rev. James French, late Professor of Rhetoric in the Andersonian University, Glasgow; of Mr. A. Sheldon Williams, illustrator of Sidney's *Book of the Horse, &c.*; of Mr. Alex. McNeel-Caird, author of works on Land-Tenure Reform and Poor Law Administration, and of a *Life of Queen Mary*; and of M. Léonoe Reynaud, author of a *Traité d'Architecture* and of *Les Travaux publics de la France*.

CAMBRIDGE NOTES.

A CAMBRIDGE correspondent writes:—

"We are living in an epoch of memorials. Not a week passes but a new one is issued from the press. The two most important criticise the scheme of the University Commissioners. One is largely signed by Conservatives and Conservative-Liberals, the other less numerously by more decided Liberals. The first is unfriendly to the general scheme of the Commissioners; the second is friendly to it. Both criticise its details with great severity. It is a pity that the Commissioners, while adopting so bold a course in their general sketch of reform, took so

little trouble to ascertain facts and actual wants in filling up details. In the last ten or twenty years new subjects of study have crowded upon the University; new teachers have been required in large numbers. The main question for the Commissioners to solve was whether these teachers should be appointed and paid by the University or by the colleges. No one, as far as I know, has drawn up a practical scheme by which the appointment and payment of teachers could be satisfactorily managed by the smaller bodies. Colleges are apt to consider only their own wants, and would not have been ready to provide teachers who are needed by the University, but who would be assigned to studies of which each foundation has only a few representatives. The Commissioners, therefore, took the bold course of organising a hierarchy of public teachers in three ranks—professors, readers, and lecturers—and leaving their appointment and supervision to the different boards of studies, under the general direction of a central board of University studies. This scheme, which has been advocated in these columns and elsewhere, was not at all new. It was acceptable in principle to the great body of Liberals. But in working out its details the Commissioners showed ignorance and carelessness. They did not state the principles on which the apportionment of the £25,000 a-year which they require for the University was assigned to the different colleges; they gave very varying stipends to different professors, without any ascertainable reason for the distinction which they drew; they placed professors under boards of studies to which they did not properly belong; they created thirty readers, but divided them among the boards of study in proportions which recommended themselves to no one; they made a weak attempt to extract more money from the colleges by forming a class of University lecturers, to whom the University was to pay £50 a-year and the separate colleges £150; and, lastly, they tied up so much money in teaching bodies that they had nothing left for buildings and general University purposes. These points have been severely criticised by all parties. The Conservatives, in addition, object to so large a sum as £25,000 a-year being taken from the colleges. Almost all the boards of studies have memorialised the Commissioners in favour of their own specialties. It may be hoped that the result will be that the Commissioners will, while continuing firm in their leading lines, make the fullest use of the knowledge and experience which have been placed at their service.

"Two other memorials have been largely signed on another subject. The number of candidates 'plucked' in the additional subjects for the 'Little go' was, in the last year, suddenly and portentously increased. It leaped at once from eighty to 180. The consequence has been an abandonment of honours for the poll, and a general scare which threatened to drive students to the more indulgent schools of Oxford. Mr. Munro, with chivalrous devotion, has undertaken the cause of the oppressed, and by the labours of a Christmas vacation has induced the strength of the University and the principal public schools to declare against this unnecessary harshness. One memorial circulated by him urges the board of examinations to adopt a more lenient standard, and to give more security against the caprice of individual examiners; another prays that the privileges of a certificate gained in the schools examination may be made at Cambridge similar to what they are at Oxford. The syndicate appointed to decide what substitute, if any, is to be allowed for Greek in the 'Little go' has not yet reported to the senate. It is probable that when it has done so the whole question of the previous examination will be reviewed, and in that case considerable changes may be expected.

"Mr. J. G. Fitch is giving a course of lectures for the Teachers' Training Syndicate on 'The Practice of Education.' They are very largely attended. The class has risen rapidly from sixty or seventy to over a hundred, and a large proportion of the students are men. The first examination for teachers will be held in June, and there is every prospect of a considerable number of candidates. This eagerness of teachers for systematic training and for recognition by the University seems likely to prove a new departure in education.

"Another novelty is the lectures on Early Italian

Literature which are being delivered by Dr. Nathan. The organising of this course of lectures is the first sign of activity which the board of modern and mediaeval languages has shown. The Commission propose to merge it in a general board of languages, in which Semitic and Indian languages are equally represented. We may hope that before it is thus extinguished it may do something more for the University than it has yet attempted during the two years of its existence."

EGYPTIAN RESEARCH.

I AM very glad to find that Mariette Pasha's remarkable paper on the discoveries yet to be made in Egypt has been exciting attention, since nothing has impressed me so much during my recent visit to Egypt as the abundance of unexplored archaeological material which still remains in the country. So far from its being a worked-out field, fully two-thirds of it have still to be examined and excavated. Egyptologists and tourists have been contented to visit the same sites, to recopy the same inscriptions, and to admire the same temples. Even so accessible and so frequented a monument as Karnak lies half buried in rubbish, and no one has thought of clearing away the earth which conceals the lower rows of cartouches containing the names of the Jewish and Israelitish towns conquered by Shishak. The discovery of the chamber at Abu Simbel by Miss Edwards' party, or the recently published *Nile Gleanings* of Mr. Villiers Stuart, shows what may be done by the ordinary traveller who makes use of his eyes and goes a little out of the beaten track. Much still remains above ground which has never yet been seen or described by European explorers, and much that has been copied requires to be carefully copied over again. Why cannot one of the numerous visitors to the comfortable hotel at Luxor make a careful study of the plants and birds collected by Thothmes III. from various parts of the world for his botanical and zoological gardens at Thebes, and sculptured on the walls of his ruined chamber at Karnak? (They are reproduced in *facsimile* by M. Mariette in his magnificent work on Karnak, p. 28-31.) Among them I noticed the *dûm-palm* and its fruit, from which I infer that this species of palm was first introduced into the Thebaid by Thothmes III. The sculptures are in so realistic a style that the naturalist ought to have little difficulty in identifying many of the species represented by them, and, considering the scandalous way in which most of the monuments are allowed to be injured and destroyed by the natives, it is not probable that they will long continue so easily recognisable.

It is astonishing that some among the many visitors to the Nile have not had the patience and curiosity even to copy the multitudinous Greek and Latin *graffiti* which cover the walls of the monuments. No doubt a large number of these have already been copied, but, even where this is the case, new copies are always acceptable. If the Greek *graffiti* only of a single spot, like Abydos, for instance, were thoroughly and systematically copied, the gain to Greek epigraphy would be immense. I feel strongly convinced that among them the autograph of Herodotus himself would, sooner or later, turn up, since it is impossible to suppose that he could have travelled through Egypt without indulging in the favourite custom of his age and countrymen. No doubt many of the monuments visited by Herodotus, such as those of Sais and Memphis, have now perished, but there are others still existing which we know to have been seen by him.

At Abu Simbel I found indications, as I believe, of a chamber cut in the rock by the side of that discovered by Miss Edwards' party, which I will call, for want of a better name, the library. I noticed that the rock had been cut

away above the lintel of the latter, in order, plainly, to support the roof of the brick-court which faces it. The staircase in the court, found by Miss Edwards, evidently ascended to this roof. Adjoining this court, on the south side, I found another square court. This, too, must have had a roof, about a foot lower than the roof of the first court, since steps are cut in rock leading from the second and fourth of four inscribed niches to a point where at present they abruptly break off, leaving a sheer cliff below them. These steps must once have led down to the roof of the southern or second court. I noticed two holes on either side of the top of the second niche; into these beams must have been inserted, supporting the roof of a shrine, which rested on the roof of the southern court. The second niche is cut out of the rock just above the middle of this court; and a crack I detected in it, beginning in the centre of the tablet and widening downward till lost in the sand, makes me believe that a chamber excavated in the rock exists below it. Unfortunately, I did not observe the crack till just before leaving Abu Simbel, and I was consequently unable to test my belief by digging.

I recopied at Abu Simbel, as well as I could, the Greek, Karian, and Phoenician *graffiti* given in the magnificent *Denkmäler* of Lepsius. Every year renders them more and more illegible, thanks to the detestable practice of ignorant travellers, who ruthlessly carve their own names over the inscriptions of an earlier age. My copies do not always agree with those of Lepsius, but this is no doubt due to the deterioration the characters have undergone since he was at Abu Simbel. However, I found a short and almost illegible Karian *graffito* of four letters on the second colossus at the entrance of the smaller temple which had not been observed before. With the assistance of the boatmen I also managed to clamber up into the niche, with a sitting figure within it, cut in the rock just before Abu Simbel is reached. I found that the niche is surrounded by an inscription in half-obliterated hieroglyphs, which shows that the sitting figure represents Nofre-ari, the favourite wife of Ramses II. The face is destroyed by the decay of the calcareous stone out of which it was carved, only the wig remaining perfect. The attitude and whole character of the figure reminded me so forcibly of the Niobe statue on Mount Sipylus that I feel it difficult not to believe the latter to have been a barbarous imitation of Egyptian work. A similar niche and figure are carved out of the rock on the east side of the hill a little to the south of Abu Simbel, and, as is well known, similar figures occur at Silsilis and elsewhere; while the Triads (or Tassarads) cut out of the rock in temples like those of Abu Simbel and Derr, or tombs like that of Pet-Amunoph at Thebes, are merely variations of the same design.

For the benefit of future travellers I may add that I made an excursion into the hills eastward of Wadi Helfa without finding anything to reward my trouble, and that I noticed a number of Koptic Christian tomb inscriptions on the roof-stones of the charming temple of 'Amada—on the top of which a church once stood—which it would be well worth the while of anyone interested in Egyptian Christianity to copy. For myself, I copied all the demotic *graffiti* at Dakkeh and most of those at Philae, not knowing whether the work had been done before or not, as well as an inscription in Ethiopian demotic on a fallen stone at Debôd. At Maharrâka I picked up a portion of a stone containing a Greek inscription on the site of the Roman town, and brought away from Dakkeh a tile with a short Arabic inscription. I procured another tile with an Arabic inscription, which I have not yet deciphered, at Elephantine, together with one of those well-known tiles which register in cursive Greek the dis-

bursement and receipt of the pay received by the Roman garrison there. This particular tile contains the memorandum of "Aebutius (Αἰβούτιος) Niger and Julius Serenus, πραι (πρόεδρος) ἀρχυρεῖς Ἐλεφαντίνης" for "two drachmae, three obols," and is dated in the reign of "(Marcus) Aurelius Antoninus Caesar," though unfortunately the year is lost. After the date come the words:—Ἰούλιος Σέρηνος τῶν δραχμῶν. At Abydos I made a careful copy of the Karian inscriptions, and found that the published copies are full of gross blunders. I may also mention a broken slab of stone at the landing-place of Kalabsheh, on which I noticed the name of a Coptic Christian written as follows:—ΠΑΙΠΕΝΜΑΙΝΕΜΠΜΟC.

While taking a ride in the desert near Philae one day, I accidentally came across a valley worn and polished by the frequent and recent action of water, and where, indeed, there was still at the extreme end a deep pool of water. The donkey boys stated that the name of the valley was Wâdi Ibrahim, and that the water often descends through it in a foaming torrent. Two Arabic inscriptions are cut upon the rocks of the Wâdi, but there are no traces of hieroglyphs, from which I infer that the spot was unvisited by the ancient Egyptians, who have covered the granite boulders of the surrounding district with their memorials. This is the more strange, since the Wâdi runs westward into the channel through which the Nile once flowed, and through which now runs the high road to Assuan. The brick wall defending this high road from the Arabs of the east probably dates back to the time of Sethi I., who has left three monuments of himself carved on granite blocks in conspicuous places along its line. One of these is on a low granite peak to the east of the wall, and represents the King triumphing over a Hittite prisoner. The two others are on two very prominent blocks piled one upon the other on the summit of the cliffs to the west of the wall. On the lower block, facing east, the King stands in his chariot pursuing the foe, with a fallen enemy under his feet, while on the upper block, facing north, he holds his sword aloft with one hand and grasps the hair of his enemies in the act of slaying them with the other. I found the narrow passages between the boulders leading up to these two sculptured blocks thickly covered with fragments of early pottery and polishers of green stone, while in one place I discovered the remains of steps cut in the rock.

Accurate maps and guide-books to the Nile are sorely wanted. None of those we have at present are infallible. Thus Murray puts Wâdi Helfa on the wrong side of the river, and all the guide-books agree in stating that there is but one granite statue of Amunoph II. on the Island of Bigheh, whereas there are two.

A. H. SAYCE.

PS.—I see that in the letter describing my visit to the site of the Temple of Onias, Ramses II. has twice, by an oversight, been printed for Ramses III.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- BISCIA, C.R. Opere della Biblioteca Nazionale pubblicata da Cav. F. Lemonnier e Successori, descritte ed illustrate Livorno.
- CHORLEY, the late H. F. The National Music of the World. Ed. H. G. Hewlett. Sampson Low & Co. 8s. 6d.
- FROUDE, J. A. Bunyan. ("English Men of Letters.") Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
- KUNSTDENKMÄLER, kirchliche, aus Siebenbürgen. 2. Hft. Hermannstadt: Michaelis. 6 M.
- LARCHÉY, L. Dictionnaire des Noms. Paris. 7 fr.
- MALTZAN, H. Fhr. v. Zum Cap S. Vincent. Reise durch das König. Algarve. Frankfurt-a-M.: Kumpf. 2 M. 50 Pf.
- MARIETTE-PACHA, A. Abydos: Description des Fouilles exécutées sur l'emplacement de cette Ville. T. 2. Paris: Maisonneuve. 120 fr.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

BULWER LYTTON ON HERMAN MERIVALE AND LORD MACAULAY.

Richmond, Surrey: Feb. 14, 1880.

On February 8, 1874, a man of remarkable talent and high professional attainments, distinguished at school, distinguished at college, and distinguished throughout his career, died in the sixty-ninth year of his age. As an author and a critic, Herman Merivale stood high in the estimation of the literary world. In an obituary notice which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* it was said:—

"His whole career affords a strong illustration of the way in which the institutions of this country and the habits of life in the present day act upon men whose education, ability, general knowledge, and power of mind are out of proportion to their income and connexions. No better work, political, judicial, literary, or professional, is to be had in the world than, maybe—and under favourable circumstances—is got out of such men; but very many of them are too proud to take the common means of securing popular favour, or are awkward in their attempts to do so, and the consequence not unfrequently is a career of obscure distinction which deeply and durably impresses a small circle of friends, but is very soon forgotten by the public at large, if, indeed, people can forget what they never knew."

After remarking how devoid his character was of ambition or self-interest, the writer concludes:—

"His characteristic quality was the vigour and promptitude of his judgment upon every kind of subject, and his power of expressing and defending whatever opinion he might form. He was ready, prompt, and vigorous in mind and body. His manner indicated a singularly affectionate, warm, and kindly disposition."

Such was Herman Merivale, whose memory is still warmly cherished by a large circle of friends and relations. His best-known work is *Historical Studies*, and I am indebted to his cousin, Col. Heber Drury, of Brighton, for a transcript of a critique on it recently discovered in the late Lord Lytton's copy of the book. As the MS. has never been published, and, to use Col. Drury's language, "thoroughly portrays the man and the critic," it may interest readers of the ACADEMY.

S. R. TOWNSEND MAYER.

"The author of this book is one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. The main character of his intellect is massiveness, and it is the massiveness of gold. Perhaps as a critic, for which he has most of the fundamental qualities, he occasionally errs, from the combative quality of an advocate; that is, he will sometimes crush some other critic (see paper on Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe) without sufficient consideration for the cause, which cause is the person or thing criticised, no matter what rubbish advocates for or against have uttered. Perhaps as a writer he has not

always done justice to the sterling value of his material by the pains taken in the elaboration of its form—viz., that is, he is contented to write well, where, with such intellect and such stores, he ought, if he spent three months on a page, to have been contented with nothing less than writing wonderfully well. Such as he is, with all merits and drawbacks, he belongs to the very highest order of mind in my time or country. I can compare him to no other of less calibre than Macaulay, for whom I have an enthusiastic admiration, and the difference between them I believe to be this: that no man of much mind could form his opinion by Macaulay, and that a man, however powerful his mind might be, would form his opinion from H. Merivale. While assuming both to have inherited or acquired an equal amount of gold, Macaulay often spins out his gold in thread, and Merivale leaves his gold in blocks. Macaulay is the finer artist, Merivale the more original thinker, and each might have been improved in his own way if great men ever were improved by criticism, which they never have been and never will be. The best criticism is enlightened admiration, as the best of Addison's works prove (apart from creative character like his *Sir Roger de Coverley*) in his essays on Milton; and the moment a critic blames a great author he is sure to be wrong, as Scaliger is when he blames Horace, even the ode to the Roman people, and Merivale is when he blames Goethe or Schiller, and Macaulay is where he attempts to depreciate Goldsmith—certainly a smaller man than Goethe or Schiller. But both Macaulay and Merivale are men to whom, in proportion to our respect for those laws of rank with-out which we should all be clodhoppers, we take off our hats, and with greater, if we presume to cross swords with them.

"E. B. L."

THE HOLBEINS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

London: Feb. 14, 1880.

So much interest is taken in the exhibition of Holbein's works at the Royal Academy that I venture to write a few words on those pictures which show the style of the great German portrait-painter in a stage of development so little known in England that they have been even rejected by eminent art-critics as being doubtful and spurious. If such productions were exhibited in Germany, where pictures by Holbein painted in England are comparatively scarce, I have no doubt that they would meet with very different criticism. Of Holbein's very earliest works, only three portraits, dated 1516, are as yet known. Two are in the Basel Museum; a third, belonging to Lord Northbrook, is now exhibited at the Royal Academy (No. 191). The person here represented is the Swiss painter Hans Herbster, of whose work absolutely nothing has come down to us. In Lebrun's time the signature H. H. was still legible; nevertheless, the picture was then ascribed to Hubert van Eyck, because the figure "5" of the date was wrongly read as "4" (1416). Notwithstanding the high qualities of this carefully finished picture, it would certainly be a mistake to rank the portrait of Herbster with the standard works of Holbein's earliest manner in oil painting. The picture, being painted on paper, produces an effect of its own, which differs from that of all his panel pictures, inasmuch as technique and colouring are always adapted to the material. Let us now look at the small portrait (No. 190), lent by F. Cook, Esq., hanging over the Herbster portrait. It represents a young man, some twenty years of age, dressed in a dark-green coat with slashed sleeves, with a black cap on his head, holding a book in his right hand, near which appears the hilt of his sword. This very interesting portrait, which is in excellent preservation, executed in glowing colours of deep tones and in solid impasto, is said to represent a member of the Fugger family, the celebrated merchant princes of Augsburg, some members of which Holbein's father has portrayed in the marvellous silverpoint drawings now at Berlin. The

features of the youth are energetic, but the look betrays distrust; it is a true German of the stamp of Hutten's. In this picture the authorship of Holbein is to my mind beyond all doubt. The violet tints in the flesh colours, the deep tone of the colouring, and the rich impasto, are quite in keeping with the early works of Holbein, such as, for instance, the large altar piece at Freiburg-in-Baden, and similar works at Basel and Karlsruhe, painted about the year 1520.

Another portrait by the master, representing an unknown gentleman (No. 170), lent by J. E. Millais, Esq., is generally admired as one of the finest and most imposing pictures of the whole collection, while art-critics and even some considerable authorities have rejected it altogether from the list of Holbein's genuine works. Those who refuse to recognise here the hand of the great German painter are, perhaps, so far justified, as Holbein ceased to paint in the style peculiar to Mr. Millais' picture after settling in England in 1531. These glowing colours, these sharp outlines, and this elaborate, yet somewhat minute, execution are, doubtless, the efforts of a man whose time was not much taken up by commissions, and who endeavoured in his leisure hours to secure well-deserved recognition. It is hardly possible for anyone to doubt the authenticity of this picture, when comparing it with the portrait of Bonifacius Amerbach at Basel, which is quite similar in style, and shows the same pale-blue background, so characteristic of German pictures of the time.

Another very uncommon work of Holbein's is the historical composition entitled *Noli me tangere* (No. 182). This picture, coming from Hampton Court, claims, by its prominent position on the walls of Burlington House, the due recognition denied to it, until now, by art-critics, who strangely enough seem to have overlooked it. Having examined it repeatedly, I cannot but pronounce it to be one of the grandest productions of German historical art. No doubt it would be inappropriate to criticise the ideal types which Holbein here exhibits on Italian principles. From this point of view the type of Christ may even be looked upon as a failure; but the solemn gravity of the conception, the dramatic and imposing movements of the figures, the masterly arrangement of the draperies—all this unmistakably betrays the hand of Holbein, the greatest artist of Southern Germany. Various considerations lead to the belief that this picture, which is unfortunately not well preserved, belongs to a comparatively late period of Holbein's art; but in any case it would be very difficult to point out another work by Holbein which could rival so unique a production.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Feb. 23, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Waves and Currents of Industrial Progress," by G. Phillips Bevan.
7 p.m. Actuaries: "The Position of Life and other Assurance Associations in Relation to their Local Medical Examiners. Is it satisfactory?" by Cornelius Walford.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Some Suggestions as to Method of Study addressed to Young Sculptors," by H. H. Armstrong.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Manufacture of India-rubber and Gutta-percha," IV., by T. Bolas.
8 p.m. British Architects.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Mr. Hore's Recent Visit to the Lukuga Outlet of Lake Tanganyika;" "The Marutse-Mabunda Empire in South Central Africa," by Dr. E. Holub.
TUESDAY, Feb. 24, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Physiology of Muscle," by Prof. Schäfer.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Views of Colonisation," by W. Forster.
8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "An Empire's Parliament," by A. Staveley Hill.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "On the Use of Asphalt and Bitumen in Engineering," by W. H. Delaunay.
8 p.m. Anthropological Institute: "The Origin of the Plough and the Wheeled Carriage," by E. S. Tylor; "Fijian Burial Customs," by the Rev. Lorimer Fison; "Exhibition of Ethnological Specimens from British Columbia," by Dr. F. Dally.

8 p.m. Spelling Reform Association: "On the Graphic Representation of Vowels," by J. B. Rundell.
 WEDNESDAY, Feb. 25, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Recently Discovered Sculptures at Olympia," by C. T. Newton.
 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Noxious Gases Bill," by E. K. Masoratt.
 8 p.m. Geological: "On the Geology of Anglesey," by Prof. McKenny Hughes; "Notes on the Strata exposed in laying out the Oxford Sewage Farm at Sandford-on-Thames," by E. S. Cobbold; "A Review and Description of the Various Species of British Upper-Silurian Fenestellidae," by G. W. Shrubsole.
 8 p.m. Literature: "On Recent Explorations in Rome," by R. N. Cust.
 8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "On the Resistance of Galvanometers," by O. Heaviside; "On the Variation of Electro-static Capacity in Submarine Cables," by J. B. Stearns; "On Testing by Received Currents," by H. R. Kempe.
 THURSDAY, Feb. 26, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Chemical Progress," by Prof. Dewar.
 7 p.m. London Institution: "Living English Painters," by Fredk. Wedmore.
 8.30 p.m. Royal Antiquaries.
 FRIDAY, Feb. 27, 8 p.m. Quakers: "On Human and Canine Filariæ," by Dr. T. Spencer Cobbold; "On Bleaching and Washing Microscopical Sections," by Dr. Sylvester Marsh, jun.
 9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Sequel to the Thunderer Gun Explosion," by F. J. Bramwell.
 SATURDAY, Feb. 28, 3 p.m. Physical: "On Some Effects of Vibratory Motion in Fluids," by H. R. Ridout; "On the Determination of Chemical Affinity in Terms of Electromotive Force," Part I., by Dr. C. R. A. Wright; Part II., by Dr. C. R. A. Wright and E. H. Rennie.
 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Dryden and his Period," by George Saintsbury.
 3.45 p.m. Royal Botanic.

SCIENCE.

Rural Bird Life: being Essays on Ornithology. By Charles Dixon. (Longmans.)

THESE papers are the fruit of much patient and enthusiastic observation of birds, and are published with the praiseworthy intention of attracting others to the same pleasant employment. Its author has an unfortunate contempt for scientific ornithology, systems of classification, and the like, or he would have known that if an observer wishes to advance any branch of science he must be informed of the discoveries which have been already made in it, and at what level its literature now stands. We cannot honestly say that this volume adds anything to our knowledge of English birds. Every country dweller who loves his garden must have noted the same facts as Mr. Dixon here once more repeats. Taking the common birds of the country, he describes the appearance, habits, food, nest, and eggs of each at length. When he sees a water ousel (*cinclus aquaticus*) it never occurs to him to suspect whether it be the Scandinavian variety of that bird (*c. melanogaster*) which has been so frequently detected in Norfolk; while in supreme contempt of scientific ornithologists he never troubles his head with the question whether the common crow (*corvus corone*) and its ash-coloured brother, the hooded crow (*c. cornix*), a winter visitor on our eastern coasts, be distinct birds or merely "members of a single dimorphic species." Indeed, there is not a Latin name in the book. The author notes such facts as that the blackbird flirts its tail when alighting on a lawn, whereas a thrush never does, and that the house sparrow uses all manner of household odds and ends wherewith to build its nest. Neither can we conscientiously subjoin that these artless narratives are adorned by a graceful style; on the contrary, Mr. Dixon writes cumbrous, pedantic, and at times provincial English, in the "pause, gentle reader," fashion of past generations. Birds are thus at one time "choristers," at another "little sons of Orpheus;" nay, young wagtails become "sylphlike choristers," and the skylark ex-

changes its "privacy of glorious light" for "aerial celsitude." We have come across one or two mysterious sentences, such as "however much the starling will imitate other species when in confinement, still I am convinced that in *ferae naturae* [*sic*] his notes, though resembling other species, are strictly his own;" and still more portentously, "the jackdaw breeds very late in the year, for the rooks have young even before they commence laying." We must protest, too, against Mr. Dixon's assumption of divinity for Amphion.

With all these drawbacks, however, this is a pleasant, genial book. Taken on its own ground it fulfils its promise of instructing the reader among the secluded yew walks and trim shrubberies of home, while in the next page he is transported to the open moor, the cold mist floats over him, rain beats upon his face, and, in words whose fidelity to fact all who have wandered over the Scotch mountains will acknowledge, "suddenly he flushes the red grouse from its heathery bed, and with harsh grating cries the bird bids him *go bac, go bac, bac—bac—bac*; and on rapid wings, now fluttering, now sailing, it flies before him, and again alights a hundred yards away." An ardent love for natural beauty and for all silvan scenes goes with Mr. Dixon hand-in-hand with a great sympathy for bird life. But it must be wild bird life; caged birds he grieves over; stuffed birds and prepared skins are distasteful to him, not merely from his aversion to scientific dilettantism, but much more because he cannot bring himself to take a bird's life. This affection for finches and larks has naturally given him a quick insight into their ways, and in a thousand little touches he betrays that he has been a close observer. If he has no very novel facts to bring back from the kingdom of the birds, it is only because all the more open traits of his favourites have been so frequently dwelt upon by previous bird-lovers. The relations of British birds to the problems of distribution, relative abundance or scarcity of species, migration and connexion with European ornithology, form quite a different class of questions. No delight in listening to the song of birds and lingering by their nests will here avail. Scientific methods must be applied, and these Mr. Dixon scornfully rejects. On migration, indeed, he holds almost pre-historic views. Winter comes and birds leave for more genial climes—such is well-nigh the extent of his vision. On the many curious facts which recent study has collected on migration—the prevalent winds which assist birds in their flights from land to land; the lines of migration, whether those of the coast or otherwise; the great influx here during autumn of such common birds as blackbirds, magpies, &c., from the Continent; the composition of migratory bands, whether strictly males and females separately, or the sexes blended; above all, the question which underlies the whole phenomenon, whether an "inherent wandering instinct" leads them from land to land, or whether it is necessity and acquired habit gradually perfected by practice, as has lately been ably argued by Weissmann (following the Swedish naturalist Palmén), on Darwinian principles—on all these points

Mr. Dixon is silent. But we gladly recognise his appreciation of the liveliness which birds confer on rustic scenery, and his delight in that burst, or rather crash, of melody which ushers a May morning into an old-fashioned country garden. If students of bird life can be contented with every phase of these rural pleasures, then will Mr. Dixon's book give them exceeding satisfaction.

A few more remarks may be added. The author notes that thrushes sing very early in the year, beginning in February. This season we heard one sing before the old year was dead, and on every mild afternoon of January their carol may be expected. Mr. Dixon has heard one sing through five continuous hours without once quitting its bough. He observed, too, as many as ten variations in one "snatch" of this bird's song. He gives several curious instances of localities chosen for the nest of the pied wagtail. We have seen a wagtail's nest under a cabbage, and the bird brought off its young safely. The magpie has to thank Mr. Dixon for a very favourable character; "its injuries are trivial," he says. A game preserver, it may be safely affirmed, would scarcely agree with this. Mr. Dixon rightly dwells on the cunning which this bird displays in evading notice as it approaches or leaves its nest. We remember an instance to the point. A Norfolk squire, a great sportsman, shot down and trapped all magpies on his estate without the least mercy, but was amazed one autumn, when the leaves fell, to find a vacant nest in a tall tree by his own bedroom window, while the young ones hopped impudently about with their parents just out of reach of his gun. The old birds had never flown directly to or from their nest, but with much circumspection had been wont to settle in trees far away from their home, and then gradually hopped to it from one tree to another under cover of the leaves, and thus had succeeded for weeks in outwitting the squire. Chiff-chaffs, Mr. Dixon opines, are become scarcer in his locality. As they are fond of frequenting the tallest trees, it is quite possible that should these be cut down the birds may desert the district. Speaking generally, there is certainly no diminution in their numbers. Nothing is said of the starling's fondness for dovecots, and the hatred of farmers to the bird in consequence. Probably the starling seizes upon the best situation for its nest, and so ousts the pigeon. We could fain hope that divers black tales against its character, charges of murdering young birds and the like, are calumnies; but its relationship to the larger *corvidæ* must not in justice be forgotten. The author is certainly in error when he affirms that the barn owl is rarely seen by day. On any dull day in Devon its appearance, regularly beating down the hedgerows, is the rule rather than the exception. In another place he suspects that the increased numbers of the ring-dove in winter may be due to migration. There is no doubt about this point: multitudes come across to us every winter from the Continent. While entirely agreeing with him that the cuckoo is not polygamous, we must differ on the fact of the young cuckoo ejecting the rightful owners of the nest as soon as they are hatched. Mr. Harting showed conclusively in the *Field* paper that the make of the

young cuckoo was naturally adapted for this purpose. Indeed, a moment's reflection shows that so large and voracious a bird as a young cuckoo could no more live in harmony with fellow-nestlings than could a socialist with an aristocrat.

The tone of this book, and the feelings of kindness to the brute creation which it inculcates, will be thankfully acknowledged by all lovers of the country. Its *motif* might well excuse the shortcomings to which we have been obliged to call attention. It concludes with a most practical chapter on skinning birds. When it is added that it is beautifully got up, and, if some of the illustrations—notably those of the robin and golden-crested wren—are caricatures, still, that the beautiful chromo-lithograph of the cuckoo's favourite nest which forms its frontispiece, and the spirited cut of the magpie are excellent, we part from a well-meaning book, only regretting for the sake of young naturalists that it did not appear among the Christmas gift-books.

M. G. WATKINS.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

In a private letter from Dr. Southon, of the London Missionary Society, written from Ujiji at the end of last September, a few days after his arrival, we find some interesting notes respecting the proceedings of foreigners at Lake Tanganyika. Dr. Southon states that he had already planted a station in Uguha on the west side of the lake under the charge of Messrs. Hutley and Griffith, while he himself proposes shortly to settle at Urambo, King Mirambo's capital in Unyamwezi. He is expecting the arrival of five more Europeans, one of whom will be stationed at Unanguira, and two others on the west side of the lake. The station at Ujiji will be placed in charge of Mr. Hore, the scientific officer and surveyor, who will continue his survey of the lake and report on places suitable for stations. Dr. Southon and Mr. Griffith appear to have taken but 100 days in making the journey from the coast to Ujiji, while Mr. Stanley, whose journey was previously the fastest on record, only accomplished it in 236 days. Dr. Southon attributes the rapidity of the march to propitious weather and careful organisation, and it is worthy of note that he medically examined all the porters before engaging them at Zanzibar, and selected none but able-bodied men.

DR. REIN, in a supplement to Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, describes the Naka dandó, or "Road between the Hills," which joins the two capitals of Japan, Kioto and Tôkiô. Near the Biwa Lake this road branches off from the Tôkaidô or "Eastern Sea road," and although difficult to travel in winter, when its passes are covered with snow, it possesses peculiar attractions during the summer. No other road, Dr. Rein tells us, equals it in scenery, or affords a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the landscape features of Japan. No restrictions whatever are at present placed upon the movements of travellers, whose reception on the part of the native population is all that could be desired.

THE Tanganyika portion of the Algerian Missionary Society's expedition, about which nothing has been heard for some months, has settled down at Uvira at the northern end of the lake, probably with a view to more easy communication with the detachment on the Victoria Nyanza.

THE International African Association have

just published the second instalment of the "Journal et Notes de Voyage" of the first Belgian Expedition in East Central Africa, giving an account of the journey from Tabora to Lake Tanganyika. M. Cambier's last letter is dated September 24, in which he announces that he had definitely settled down for a time at Karema, on the eastern shore of the lake, to make arrangements for the establishment of the first station. M. Cambier's report is accompanied by a sketch-map of the route followed by the expedition from the east coast to the lake, and also by some curious anthropological notes drawn up by Dr. Dutrieux, who has recently returned to Belgium.

In a letter written from Ugogo, Mr. Carter, who is in charge of the Indian elephants presented by the King of the Belgians to the second expedition, attributes the death of the second elephant, "Nadderbux," not to climatic influences, but to the fact that he was not in a sound condition when he left Bombay. With regard to the question of utilising African elephants, Mr. Carter says it will be of little or no use to attempt to train young ones, as they would not be fit for carrying loads before they were twenty years old; and he further adds that no Bombay *mahout* would trust himself within a mile of a wild elephant. If, however, anything is to be attempted with the African animal, Mr. Carter recommends that it should be done at once, as it will soon become scarce. He mentions incidentally that want of good water is one of the great difficulties he has to contend with, that at Ugogo being almost bad enough to kill the elephants.

MR. GEORGE PARKER, of the China Inland Mission, recently left Chungking, in the Szechuen province, on a journey northwards, across a little-known mountainous region, to Tsinchow, in Kansu, in which remote place a missionary station was founded a short time back. Mr. J. H. Riley, another member of the station at Chungking, has lately returned from a two months' journey in the Szechuen province. He brought back with him a man of the Lolo tribe, and is beginning to learn their language, a feat which we believe no European has hitherto attempted.

SOME members of the South American Missionary Society have recently explored some of the previously unexamined affluents of the River Purus, the great tributary of the Amazons.

MR. A. HAY ANDERSON has published through Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons some notes of a journey to the auriferous quartz regions of Southern India.

PROF. NORDENSKIÖLD, in writing to a friend, announces his intention of holding at Stockholm in the summer an exhibition of the valuable and interesting specimens which he is bringing home with him. Ethnography, botany, zoology, and geology will all be represented.

RECENT news from Panama states that the technical commission is now regularly and systematically engaged in completing the detailed surveys for a tide-level canal through the isthmus. In order to finish the work more rapidly, the line of survey has been divided into five sections, and one or more of the engineers of the party assigned to each of them.

AT the end of last October we drew attention to Dr. A. H. Hassall's *San Remo and the Western Riviera*, and now we have before us another little book, dealing with nearly the same region, entitled *Winter Havens in the Sunny South*, by Rosa Baughan (Bazaar office). The former dealt with its subject chiefly from a climatic and medical point of view, while the latter does not pretend to be more than a complete handbook to the Riviera, including within its scope the new station, Alassio. From the

nature of its contents it will, we think, answer this purpose very well, for it affords a good deal of useful information with regard to local accommodation and attractions. The author certainly makes us wish that we could personally test the accuracy of her statements, especially at a season when the Registrar-General has such a gloomy tale to tell of the effect of London fogs on the human frame.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Tunstall's Ornithologia Britannica. (The Willughby Society.) Edited by Alfred Newton, M.A., F.R.S., &c.—The Willughby Society was formed at a meeting of ornithologists in May 1879, as an association for reprinting certain ornithological works interesting for their utility and rarity. Copies of the works reproduced are issued only to subscribers. The subscription is £1, and the secretary Mr. F. D. Godman, of 10 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W. Two works are already in hand for issue to subscribers in the year 1880 besides the present one, and numerous others are under consideration for future reproduction. The present work is executed by means of photo-lithography. Marmaduke Tunstall, of Wydliffe, in Yorkshire, who was born in 1743 and died in 1790, was a correspondent of Linnaeus. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in the year in which he brought out his *Ornithologia*, being proposed by the Hon. Daines Barrington, whose curious observations and experiments on the singing of birds have unfortunately not been repeated in modern times. He was seconded by Pennant. His collection of birds formed the basis of the present museum of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where many of his stuffed birds still exist. His collection cost him many thousands of pounds, and many of his specimens were figured by Brown and Bewick. The execution of the reproduction of the work, which is dated 1771, seems to leave nothing to be desired.

Hail in the Caucasus.—Prof. Abich has at last brought out his long-promised paper (*Ueber krystallinischen Hagel im unteren Kaukasus in seinen Beziehungen zu der Physik des Bodens*. Von Hermann Abich. Vienna: Hölder). On the extraordinary hailstones of the summer of 1869 in the neighbourhood of Tiflis. These phenomena were very remarkable; four times within three months was that special district visited by hailstones which were characterised, not only by the great size of the stones, but by their exhibiting distinctly crystalline excrescences, closely resembling the well-known crystals of calc spar from the Hartz mines. Of two of these storms Prof. Abich was himself a witness; in fact he was caught by one of them when riding, and only succeeded in sheltering his head behind a small tree. He gives a sketch of this storm, which shows that the hailcloud proper was distinctly separated from the ordinary thundercloud which preceded it, by a clear interval through which a distant view could be seen, while the hail on one side and the rain on the other shut out the rest of the landscape. The most remarkable fact about all these storms is that they never penetrated far into the wooded parts of the country, but expended their fury on the cleared spaces, such as vineyards, &c., which are specially selected so as to obtain the maximum possible benefit from sunshine. Prof. Abich also shows that the geological character of the country has an apparent influence on its liability to hail visitation. Other instances of exceptional falls which are on record are next noticed, especially those described by Padre Sanna Solaro, S.J., in the *Annuaire Soc. Mët. de France*, vol. xi., 1863, with his experiments on the artificial production of hailstones by freezing water in thin indiarubber balls; and also Louis Dufour's experiments given in Kämtz, *Reper-*

torium für Meteorologie, vol. ii., p. 410, and *Bull. Soc. Vaudoise des Sciences Naturelles*, vol. vi., 1860. Abich holds to Dove's explanation of the production of the successive layers of ice in the stones by the hypothesis of the storm being a whirlwind, with axis horizontal, so that the stones revolve in a vertical circle, and are swept round and round through atmospheric strata of very different temperatures, till they grow so heavy that they fall.

The Californian Cave-Bear.—The skull of a bear, discovered beneath several inches of cave earth and stalagmite in a cavern in the carboniferous limestone of California, has been studied by Prof. E. D. Cope, who finds that it represents a new species of Gervais's genus *Arctotherium*, to which he applies the name *A. simum*. This Californian cave-bear is, therefore, entirely different from the cave-bear of this country, as likewise from any existing species. Dr. Cope has also recently described several new species of fossil mammalia from the Miocene beds of Oregon.

AN extraordinary prize of 3,000 frs. has been awarded by the French Academy of Sciences to Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., in recognition of his recent discoveries in Molecular Physics and Radiant Matter.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE *Assalāyana Suttam* (Chemnitz: Schmeitzner) is a Pali sutta edited and translated by Prof. Pischel, of Kiel. It is the third sutta in the Brahmana Vagga, in the second part of the Majjhima Nikāya—that is to say, it is the ninety-third sutta in that Nikāya, and not the third, as is supposed by the editor. It describes how the Brahmins, irritated by the promulgation of Gautama's doctrine of the equality of the castes, persuade Assalāyana, a young and distinguished scholar, to undertake to overthrow the Buddha's arguments. He reluctantly consents, and, being defeated in the argument, becomes a disciple of the Blessed One. The reasons which the Buddha adduces in support of his doctrine are very clear and simple, and much the same as are advanced to-day by opponents of the caste system. One of these reasons is, curiously enough, a comparison between the division into castes, which the Brahmins upheld, and the contrary state of things existing among the Yonas and Kambojas—that is, among the inhabitants of what is to-day Afghanistan. There it is said, "A master may become a slave and a slave a master." The Yonas in this passage must be the Bactrian Greeks, and the date at which the sutta assumed its present form cannot, therefore, be older than the third century B.C. The brochure is an interesting and valuable addition to our small collection of properly edited Pali texts.

Det philologisk-historiske Samfunds Minde-skrift. (Copenhagen.) This is the Memorial volume of the Copenhagen Philological-Historical Society, published on the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. J. L. Heiberg, "On the Terminology of the Greek Mathematicians," explains many of the terms used by Eutocius, Pappus, and Proclus which are insufficiently noticed in the Lexicons. Kr. Nyrop, in "The Combination t + r in Provençal Phonetics," shows that the sound of t (d) underwent a modification into ð, and is now represented by the sound i in many Provençal words, e.g., *patre*, *paire*. The sound ð, he thinks, must have existed in Provençal as well as in Old French. Sophus Bugge, in his "Contributions to the History of the Northern Ballads," compares the ballads *Morsk Stig* and *Holofernes* with other similar traditions. Jean Pio has a very interesting article on "The Old-Greek Prepositions as used in Modern Greek," with

full illustrations from the Byzantine and Modern-Greek authors. The colloquial variations are very striking. Emil Gigas writes on "Adaptations by Modern Poets of the *Amphitruo* of Plautus." The peculiar standpoints of this comedy and its great popularity are shown, with a criticism of the many versions in different languages, including those of Pandolfo Collenuccio, Francisco de Villalobos, Camoens, Molière, Dryden, and others. M. C. Gertz contributes Critical Notes on the *Suasoriae* of M. Annaeus Seneca. J. N. Madvig has some Miscellaneous Short Notes on Greek Translations of Roman Official Documents, and Conjectural Emendations of the Text of Homer: among these, in book iii., line 42, of the *Iliad*, for ἰσθμίων he proposes to read some word like ἰσθμίων (!). Some Passages in Cicero's *Brutus* are rectified. Ludv. V. A. Wimmer has contributions to Old-Norse Philology; and Vilh. Thomsen a Critical Investigation of the words *andare*, *andar*, *anar*, *aller*—he rejects previous derivations, and traces them all from the Latin *ambulare*.

The Legend of Gaudama, by Bishop Bigandet (Trübner), is a reprint of the second edition (published in Rangoon) of Bishop Bigandet's well-known translation of a Burmese Life of Gautama. That second edition has long ago been out of print, and copies of it are very difficult to obtain in the European market. Messrs. Trübner and Co. may be congratulated on having secured the Bishop's permission to re-issue this rare book in the "Oriental Series," to which it will form a useful addition. The second edition just referred to is here reprinted very exactly, the misprints and incorrect translations being also carefully reproduced; and the only addition being an "Advertisement to the third edition," which contains a curiously perverted estimate of the value of the work. The writer of the Advertisement thinks it to be "a complete exposition of the great system of Buddhism"—firstly, because it consists, not only of the life or legend of Gautama, from which it derives its title, but also of a translation of a short Siamese work on Nirvāna, of a short Burmese treatise on the Buddhist mendicants, and an abstract of a few of the shorter Jātaka stories; and, secondly, because "a knowledge of that system can only be arrived at by the study of the religious books of Burmah." Who would venture thus to maintain that a translation of some modern Life of Christ, with a few pages in an appendix devoted to Christian monasticism, and a few more pages to the doctrine of salvation by faith and to the lives of the saints, could constitute a "complete exposition" of Christianity? In Burmah, too, Buddhism has no doubt been preserved much more purely than in China; but the Burmese Buddhism is entirely derived from, and was entirely dependent for its earlier literature upon, Siam and Ceylon, the Buddhism in these three countries being practically identical. Bishop Bigandet's book is neither a complete exposition of Buddhism nor is it drawn from the only source from which a true knowledge of Buddhism can be derived. But it may fairly be said to be the most authoritative and most complete work we at present possess on modern Burmese Buddhism. The few notices in Forbes's *Burmah* and in other books of a similar kind are both meagre and inaccurate; and the observations of Bastian, though in many respects more critical and trustworthy, are rendered almost useless by their utter want of arrangement and method. It is true, also, that, in the absence of better materials, Bishop Bigandet's work has been extensively used as evidence of earlier Buddhism; but as the authentic records of the Buddhist Scriptures are gradually made accessible, its value in this respect—never very great—will fade away into nothingness. It is, perhaps, a pity that, in reprinting a work which

has been constantly referred to in books on Buddhism, the paging of the edition generally so referred to—the second—has not been followed, or at least noted; and the new edition would have gained very much in usefulness if an index of proper names had been added. The present edition, like the old one, has no index whatever. In spite of all its defects, the first European edition of a very interesting and readable Life of Gautama should form a part of the library of every student of Buddhism.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Thursday, Feb. 5.)

THE Rev. J. Fuller Russell in the Chair.—The Rev. H. M. Scarth sent an interesting paper "On an Inscribed Votive Tablet found at Binchester (the ancient Vinovium)." The tablet was erected to Aesculapius and Salus, and is dedicated by a certain physician. The chief interest of the inscription consists in its being a further testimony to the fact that the Roman troops in Britain were supplied with medical officers, and it further leads to the presumption that the *ala* of the Vettones, or body of Spanish cavalry from the province of Salamanca, were stationed at Vinovium. The inscription is as follows:—

(A E 3) CVLAPIO.
(ET) SALVTI.
(PRO.SALV) TEALAE.VET.
(TONVM.) C. R. M. AVRE.
(L. CRVSS) OCOMAS. ME.
(V. S) L. M.

Mr. Scarth gave several other instances of Roman monuments erected either by, or in commemoration of, medical officers, connected with the army in this country. As examples of the different ranks held by Roman military physicians he instanced the titles: "Medici alarum," "medici cohortum," "medici legionum," "medicus duplicarius triremis." The duties of the Praefectus Castrorum, according to Vegetius, extended over the sick soldiers and those physicians who had the care of them. Several inscriptions to soldiers of the Vettonian *ala* were described.—Mr. C. E. Keyser read a careful and lengthy paper "On the recently discovered mural paintings at Patcham, near Brighton," in the course of which a new theory was produced in explanation of "Low Side Windows." Among the remarkable features of the very interesting paintings in question were the thirty coats of whitewash with which they had been covered, and from beneath which they had been apparently satisfactorily disinterred.—Mr. J. G. Waller spoke at some length upon the definite laws which regulated paintings in churches, which laws were established as early as in the fifth century, and developed up to the time of the Reformation. With regard to the subject of the Last Judgment, as represented at Patcham, the same general features occur in all such representations, but it was extremely difficult to say when the laws for this special subject were laid down. Mr. J. Neale and Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite spoke as to the means that had been employed to preserve the Patcham paintings.—Among the antiquities exhibited was an embroidered pulpit-cloth, formed of the orphreys and other portions of two copes from Woolchurch, Dorset, sent by Mr. E. A. Griffiths.—Mr. Hartshorne exhibited a photograph of a sepulchral slab of a lady, lately found in Bangor Cathedral. The costume is of the middle of the fourteenth century, and she holds a *par precum*, or set of beads, arranged in sevens, and with fine circular brooches in immediate connexion with them. Two pockets are shown in the front of the lady's long gown, which is fastened with innumerable buttons down to the feet.—Mr. H. S. Harland sent a rubbing of the tympanum of the south door of Everton Church, Notts, a sculpture of the same character as that at Moccas, Herefordshire.—The Rev. G. T. Harvey exhibited a leaden disc found at Oundle.—Several other antiquities were exhibited.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday Feb. 12.)

EDWIN FRESHFIELD, Esq., V.-P., in the Chair.—Mr. C. Trice Martin read a paper upon a roll of accounts of Sir John Daunce, of sums of money spent by him in pursuance of the orders of King Henry VIII. from 1522 to 1527. The items of expenditure included the visits of the Emperor Charles V. and King Christian II. of Denmark to England, a campaign of the Duke of Suffolk in France, and other points of historical interest, which were illustrated by extracts from the State papers in the Public Record Office and elsewhere.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, Feb. 16.)

SIR H. C. RAWLINSON, K.C.B., President, in the Chair.—Prof. F. Max Müller read a paper "On Sanskrit Texts discovered in Japan," in which he showed that the hope so long entertained by the late Prof. H. A. Wilson and by other scholars had been at length realised by the discovery in Japan of certain MSS. containing a glossary of Chinese words, with their equivalents in Sanskrit, together with the transliteration of the Sanskrit words in Japanese. The Sanskrit is written in an alphabet very nearly the same as the old Nepalese.—Mr. J. W. Redhouse read a paper "On the Identification of the 'False Dawn' of the Muslims with the 'Zodiacal Light' of the Europeans," in confirmation of his previous paper.

FINE ART.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES ON A TOUR IN SOUTHERN ITALY (Concluded).

V.

CAMPANIA.

In ancient Campania the chief archaeological novelties at the present time are the excavations in the necropolis of Il Bosco d'Acerra, the ancient Suessula, conducted by Baron Spinelli, and the discoveries made in that of Vico Equense, between Castellamare and Sorrento.

The excavations at Suessula, which have been in progress for the last three years, are interesting as having been very skilfully carried out, with much care, regularity, and scientific method—a rare circumstance in Italian excavations. Then, too, they have revealed many new facts. They have not yet been systematically dealt with in print; but I was enabled to make a careful study of the collection which they have furnished, and which Baron Spinelli sent, *en bloc*, to the archaeological exhibition held at Caserta on the occasion of the provincial agricultural show. This exhibition had just closed when I arrived at Naples; but I was indebted to the courtesy of its two learned organisers, Prof. Giulio Minervini, of Naples, and the Abbate Janelli, of Capua, for seeing its doors re-opened for me before the objects composing it were packed up.

The collection from the necropolis of Suessula enables us to follow, by means of its ceramic remains, the successive phases of the civilisation of a small Campanian city between the seventh and second centuries B.C.

In the oldest tombs only vases of blackish clay occur, allied to the earliest potteries of Etruria and Latium. These vases were a novelty for the scholars of Naples; but professional *scavatori* say, now that attention has been called to them, "We have met with them everywhere, and hitherto we threw them away as rubbish because they had no commercial value." At all events, there is now a tendency to assume throughout the whole of Italy the existence of an earlier native manufacture of potteries of blackish clay, the gradual improvement in which produced the *bucchero nero* in Etruria, and perhaps in Latium as well, and the first attempts at which have just been studied in the most remarkable manner by Prof. Helbig in the *terravare* of Emilia. This ceramic ware is almost identical in every case. Still, we may now distinguish by peculiar characteristics six

different local types to the south of the valley of the Po:—

(1) The *Etruscan* type, which occurs in the earliest burial-places of Chiusi, especially in those of Poggio-Renzo.

(2) The *Latial* type, now so well known by the brilliant researches of Signor Michele de Rossi. And here two successive epochs may be distinguished—the first characterised by the presence of cinerary urns in the shape of *tuguria*, and by those vases the outer surface of which presents square *alveoli*, as if the decorator had roughly imitated the appearance of basket-work; the second, in which these two characteristic forms disappear, and in which the strictly Latial potteries, which then in some cases bear incised geometrical decorations, begin to be associated with pieces of *bucchero nero*, perhaps imported from the Etruscans, and with little vases, painted in a very archaic style, of Greek origin. The tombs recently discovered at Rome, on the Esquiline, and over which the wall of Servius Tullius was built, belong to this second epoch.

(3) The *Picentine* type of the neighbourhood of Asculum, Firmum, and Hatria, richly represented in the municipal museum of Ascoli Piceno, in the palæo-ethnographical museum annexed to the Kircherian Museum in the buildings of the Collegio Romano, and in the Fol Museum at Geneva.

(4) The *Sabine* type, made known to us by the recent discoveries at Amiternum and Corfinium.

(5) The *Campanian* type, brought to light by the excavations at Suessula.

(6) The *Bruttian* type, the first specimen of which, on my return from my tour, I presented to the Louvre. It was dug up in the heart of the wildest mountains of Calabria, at Casalnuovo, between Gerace and Gioia.

At Suessula, as in the old necropoles of Latium, after originally appearing alone, the blackish pottery occurs in conjunction with painted vases of Greek manufacture, with geometrical decorations, and with those which present the first examples of animal painting, traced in reddish colour. Next comes the epoch of vases in the Asiatico-Lybian style, with belts of animals, real or grotesque; and afterward that of vases with black figures. Among the latter some seem to have been imported from Greece, and others have the perfectly characteristic *cachet* of the Chalcidian ware of Cumæ.

Vases with red figures succeed. Here the main interest of the collection consists in those which were undoubtedly brought in the course of trade from Greece proper, and especially from Athens. Thus we recognise here (for the first time in Italy) the presence of a large and exquisite Athenian *lekythos*, with a white ground, the painting being a representation of two women. It is accompanied by the inscription, in three lines, in the centre:—

ΑΞΙΟΠΕΙΘΗΣ
ΚΑΛΟΣ
ΑΛΚΙΜΑ+ος

No less undeniably Attic by its manufacture and inscriptions is a large and admirable *skyphos* with red figures in a severe style. On one side all the characters are shown with their names affixed, ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΣ leading HEAENE, who is urged on by ΑΡΡΟΔΙΤΕ and ΠΕΙΘΟΣ; the Trojan hero, the son of Priam, is assisted by ΑΙΝΕΑΣ, according to the narrative in the *Cypriaca*. On the other side, in presence of ΠΡΙΑΜΟΣ, who is seated, Menelaus (the only figure whose name is not appended) is pursuing, with drawn sword, HEAENE, who is taking refuge, under the protection of ΑΡΡΟΔΙΤΕ, with ΚΡΙΣΤΥΣ and his daughter ΚΡΙΣΕΙΣ. Under one of the handles is traced with the brush the signature of the ceramic painter Macron, ΜΑΚΡΟΝ ΕΡΠΑΞΕΝ, which is here met with for the first time. On

the other handle is traced a *graffito* the signature of the potter Hieron, ΗΙΕΡΟΝ ΕΡΟΙΕΞΕΝ, already known on thirteen other vases, one of which—a noticeable circumstance—likewise reproduces the scene of the rape of Helen.

Nothing can be more instructive than a comparison of these two vases, and of some similar examples as clearly of Athenian importation, with the vases in the styles of Nola and Capua found in the same tombs. Their contrast forms a complete refutation of Gustav Kramer and Otto Jahn's theory. Products so different in style and execution cannot proceed from the same source, and on seeing them side by side one only becomes more and more thoroughly convinced of the reality of the existence of local Greek potteries in Campania.

After the fine vases with red figures, the excavations at Suessula present us with those of the decadence—in the decoration of which white plays an important part—very similar to those of Capua. We are likewise struck by the large number of figures of Samnite warriors, with their helmets loaded with singular plumes, as they appear in the mural paintings, commonly called Greek, but really Lucanian, of a tomb at Paestum, which have been transferred to the Naples Museum, and in those of underground tombs of the Samnite epoch recently opened at Santa-Maria di Capuavetere. Finally, these painted vases of the decadence are succeeded by Etrusco-Campanian potteries with reliefs and a uniform brilliant black glaze.

But tombs of these later epochs are still rare in the part as yet explored of the necropolis of Suessula. The portions hitherto excavated are generally of a pretty early date. And it must be noted as a somewhat uncommon circumstance that so far no trace has been discovered of the superposition of tombs of different ages. Suessula was never anything but a very small town, and its burial-place was not so limited as to render it necessary to use the same spot twice over. We may remark, however, how, as time went on, modifications were introduced in the mode of burial. In the oldest tombs—those containing the vases of blackish ware—the body is directly buried in the soil, and protected only by a few large flat stones arranged so as to cover it. Next, we find the Greek mode adopted of interring the remains in a kind of sarcophagus of the shape of a parallelogram, formed originally of slabs of tufa, and afterwards of tiles. Finally, at the time of the decadence, there is a return to the system of direct interment in a simple trench dug in the ground.

Unlike those of Il Bosco d'Acerra, the excavations of Vico Equense were carried on without any supervision and by untrained *scavatori* for purely speculative purposes.

My friend, Prof. Barnabei, has related in these columns the accidental circumstances which brought about this discovery of a part of the tombs of the ancient Oscan-Campanian Taurania, which seems to have been succeeded by Aequan, mentioned by Silius Italicus. The latter would appear, from its modern name of Vico Equense, which is certainly derived from Vicius Aequanensis, to have been only a simple *vicius*.

It does not appear from Prof. Barnabei's account that he had an opportunity of seeing any of the objects discovered, and as a matter of fact they were immediately dispersed. However, I was enabled to examine a considerable number of painted vases from Vico Equense at Naples, in the possession of the dealers Barone and Scognamiglio, and at Rome, in that of Signor Alessandro Castellani. As a rule, they are exceptionally beautiful. Among the vases with red figures, there are some which show the glaze of Nola in its most exquisite quality; others are precisely similar to those previously found at Sorrento. Among those

with black figures, there are a considerable number belonging to that singularly delicate type, with a white ground, examples of which have already been discovered at different spots in Etruria and Campania, and the place of manufacture of which is still unknown.

I shall not speak here of the latest discoveries of vases made in the tombs of Santa-Maria di Capuavetere, i.e., of the ancient Capua, by Signori Doria and Gallozzi. Doubtless there are marvellous specimens among them which deserve a protracted study, but they do not add materially to our knowledge of the objects which mark the necropolis of this great city.

I devoted two days to examining—first in the Caserta exhibition, and secondly in the Museo Campano at Capua—the rich and curious series of antiquities discovered in Il Fondo Patturelli, at the spot called “Le Curti,” close to Santa-Maria di Capuavetere, at about sixty yards’ distance from the walls of ancient Capua. M. Fernique in France; Prof. Giulio Minervini, Father Garrucci, and, before all, Signor Mancini and Dr. von Duhn in Italy, as well as Herr Beloch in Germany, have already treated at length of these antiquities, and yet the subject is far from exhausted, and there is still fresh light to be thrown upon it.

The excavations of Il Fondo Patturelli have resulted in the discovery of the remains of a temple of the Osco-Campanian epoch, the arrangement of which very closely resembled that of the temple of Jupiter in the Forum of Pompeii and that of the temple of Jupiter Victor on the Palatine. This sanctuary was dedicated to an old Italic goddess, represented in 150 votive statues of tufa, very roughly executed, which have been found all about it. The goddess in question is always represented in a sitting posture, in most cases holding in her arms one or more children in swaddling clothes; sometimes she holds as many as twelve at once. In one instance the child is nude; in another it is being suckled by the goddess, which goes to refute Dr. von Duhn’s singular view recognising in them dead men in their shrouds instead of infants in swaddling clothes. Several of the statues bear Latin inscriptions on their base mentioning vows made by matrons. They possess, therefore, beyond a doubt the character of *ex-votos pro prole suscepta*, as expressed in a Capuan inscription of the Imperial epoch dedicated to Venus Genetrix; and the number of children held by the goddess in her arms must correspond to the number which the dedicating matron had really borne, and whose birth she attributed to the intervention of the divinity. In some of the tufa statues the goddess, instead of holding the children, bears in her hand a fruit or a pig; once, in a figure of exceptional size, she has a pomegranate in one hand and the *foetus* of a quadruped still wrapped in its caul in the other. A mural painting, discovered in 1878 in a Capuan tomb dating from the Samnite period, represents the same divinity seated on a throne, holding a pomegranate and a dove, while a small human figure standing before her is offering a libation. We have here, then, a *Κουροτρόφος*, a goddess who presided over reproduction and fertility, animal and vegetable, and who, by an association of ideas which recurs in the case of all the chthonian goddesses of paganism, could assume in certain cases characteristics connected with death, and so might be represented in places of burial. But in spite of all that Dr. von Duhn has urged, the latter side of her nature was always purely secondary, and purely subordinate to her aspect as the goddess of generation.

Several Oscan inscriptions, engraved on terracotta, have been found among the fragments of the temple, and contain dedications to three different divinities who were worshipped there contemporaneously: *Jovei Flagiusi*, i.e., a Jupiter Flagius; *Dionisi Damuse*, a goddess whose

name, in its Latin form, would be Jovia Damusa; and thirdly, *Vesolai diviati*. The two goddesses, Jovia Damusa and Vesolia, are afterward translated by Juno Lucina and Venus Genetrix in the Latin inscriptions of Capua of the end of the Republic and the period of the Empire. The first and more important of the two is simply a form of the mysterious Bona Dea, for her name of Damusa is certainly to be connected with a passage in Festus: “*Damium sacrificium quod fiebat in operto in honorem Bonae Deae . . . ; dea quoque ipsa Damia et sacerdos ejus damiatrix appellabatur.*” Again, the name of Vesolia is a variant of those of Vesuna and Feronia, all being radically identical.

Did Jupiter Flagius figure in this temple as the husband of Jovia Damusa? I very much doubt it. He played an altogether secondary and unimportant part; he is mentioned in none of the *ex-votos*, and even the terra-cotta plaque, on which the dedication to him is engraved, bears in relief symbols of the female divinity, the flower and the sow. This is thoroughly in accordance with the common character of all these ancient Pelasgic goddesses of generation and the soil, to whose class belongs the Bona Dea. They are in their nature mothers without being wives, and if male gods are sometimes associated with them it is as children only. Such is the situation of the child Jupiter associated with Fortuna Primigenia in the famous cult of Praeneste; and I believe that that of Jupiter Flagius must have been the same in association with Jovia Damusa in the religion of Capua. Let the reader now turn to Gerhard’s admirable study on the religion of Praeneste, according to the terra-cottas and votive sculptures found in that city. He will see how Fortuna Primigenia was resolved into a feminine duality, similar to that of the *Fortunae Antiates*, into a pair of goddesses, placed on a footing of almost absolute equality, although one was the mother and the other the daughter—a pair which, completed by the presence of the child Jupiter, closely reproduced the mystic Eleusinian group of Demeter, Kora, and Iakchos. The mention of Jovia Damusa, Vesolia, and Jupiter Flagius as worshipped together in the temple of the goddess mother at Capua suggests a precisely similar group of divinities.

Close to the ruins of the temple and its votive statues of tufa, Il Fondo Patturelli contained one of the most extensive hoards of terra-cottas ever yet met with. Pillaged for many years by unsystematic excavations, it has provided all the museums of Europe with a large number of specimens, which have reached them without any very precise indication as to their place of origin. And in spite of these years of plunder, when scientific excavations were at last undertaken, it was yet sufficiently extensive to furnish the Museo Campano with about 30,000 pieces, damaged and entire.

This is the votive *stips* of the temple, as it was formed by the offerings of the faithful who came to implore the help of the goddess. The same types are repeated to infinity, and among the most numerous the following classes may be distinguished:—

(1) *Ex-votos* presented in cases of disease, and consisting of representations of members of the human body, of large dimensions—heads of men, women, and children, often of a very strongly marked type; arms, hands, legs, feet, breasts, stomachs, sexual organs, &c. In all the churches of the South of Italy similar objects are still hung up in great quantities in the chapels of the various saints, only they are of wax instead of terra-cotta. After some time has elapsed, to prevent an embarrassing accumulation, they are melted down and made into tapers, which are burnt on the altar. In the ancient temples, where these *ex-votos* were of terra-cotta, it was likewise found necessary to

remove them periodically and bury them in trenches close to the sanctuary, which would otherwise have been speedily choked up with them.

(2) Legs, with the foot, of various animals—the horse, ass, ox, sheep, goat, pig; in one instance of the camel, of nearly the same size and intended for the same purpose. It appears that one of the two goddesses worshipped in the temple, Jovia Damusa or Vesolia, enjoyed great popular renown as curing cattle of a tendency to kick.

(3) Statuettes of divinities. The commonest is naturally that of the great goddess mother of the temple, Jovia Damusa, sometimes standing, sometimes seated, with considerable variations in her attire and attributes, but always suckling a child—one only in these *figurines*, doubtless the little Jupiter Flagius. A large number of others present a nude or half-draped Venus, standing or sitting on a swan; this is the Venus with which Vesolia was identified. I may mention also a Cupid which is reproduced hundreds of times, and likewise certain *ganii* which may likewise naturally have belonged to the train of the two goddesses. Finally, among the number may be remarked the images of some other divinities, especially of Diana, who was the object of a special cult at Capua.

(4) *Figurines* of children wrapped in swaddling clothes or nude, engaged in various games. This may be, especially in the second case, the divine child who was the offspring of the goddess mother; but in the first it seems to me that we should rather recognise *ex-votos pro prole suscepta*, and a representation of the child granted by the protecting grace of the goddess.

(5) Votive statuettes representing simple draped female forms in various attitudes. They all betray an echo, weakened by a series of successive imitations, of the exquisite *genre* statuettes created in the age of the successors of Alexander by the *koroplastai* of Boeotia and Attica. Many even seem to be moulded on Apulian and Sicilian terra-cottas, which are themselves moulded on Athenian and Tanagraean terra-cottas.

(6) *Figurines* of animals, among which may be specially noticed the cow, the goat, the pig, the dove, which were among the symbols of the goddess mother, of the Italic Bona Dea as of the Greek Demeter.

(7) Flowers and fruits. Among the latter the commonest are the pomegranate and the apple.

All these terra-cottas are, as a rule, very rudely executed, and not of much account from the artistic point of view. The great majority have been simply pressed into the mould, and not touched up afterwards with the chisel. They present great variations in style, but the archaism of some of the pieces can scarcely be anything but imitative. In the *stips* of the temple of Jovia Damusa at Capua may also be remarked, as in the similar hoard discovered thirteen years ago beside the temple of Demeter at Tegea in Arcadia, many of these *figurines* which were not even moulded, but only shaped in a rough-and-ready way by pressing the soft clay between the fingers. These products of a branch of popular trade which it was sought to bring within the reach of the humblest purses affect, by their coarse and rudimentary character, the appearance of works of remote antiquity. But this appearance must be mistrusted, for a great number of absolutely certain facts prove that they were turned out in every period.

The hoard of terra-cottas of Il Fondo Patturelli was perhaps not entirely and exclusively formed by the *stips votiva* of the temple. It seems that we have here likewise the refuse of a building erected in the close neighbourhood of the sanctuary for the purpose of making a profit out of the devotion of those who visited it and of furnishing them with their *ex-votos*. I

shall not argue in this sense from the presence of images of divinities which were not those of the temple; for the practice of dedicating to a god the representation of another god, long unrecognised by archaeologists and first brought to light by Letronne, is now one of the best established facts regarding the religious customs of antiquity. But there is no other possible explanation of the considerable number of moulds and fragments of moulds found with this hoard, or, above all, of the immense quantity of antefixes which it contained. There was enough to provide for the roofing of a large number of buildings. The majority are ornamented with a masque of a gorgon's head, sometimes very archaic in appearance, sometimes in a perfect style, for in these objects too we meet with the very same variations of style as in the rest of the hoard. Another type of antefix, which is constantly recurring, always in a style that is really ancient or that imitates the antique, bears an image in bas-relief of a kind of Amazon or goddess, clad in a short tunic, wearing small boots, with her quiver on her shoulder, sitting sideways on a horse, and holding her bow. Beneath her horse there is always a goose. I am inclined to recognise here an archaic representation of Diana Tifatina, whose far-famed temple was situated close to Capua, and appears to have been for the populations of this part of Campania at once a religious and a political centre, as the temple of Diana Aventina was for the Latins. Hitherto, only one very late type of this goddess was known—that in a mural painting of the third century of the Christian era, preserved at the Museo Campano, and discovered a few years ago at Sant' Angelo in Formis, precisely on the site of the neighbouring temple of Mount Tifata.

At Pompeii, the excavations undertaken on the centenary of the destruction of the city led to the discovery of a very curious mural painting, concerning which I am surprised that more has not yet been said. It is by no means elaborate in point of execution, and, in the corner of one of the offices of a house, it occupies a space above a little altar of the Lares, forming a pendant to another painting, in which may be seen, as always in such cases, the two consecrated serpents and two Lares *pacillatores*. Above a large serpent, which figures here as a genius, and accompanied by several birds, we find a representation of Bacchus in a very novel form. The body and garments of the god are replaced by a large bunch of grapes of the colour of amber, from which issue the human feet of the figure; its arms, one of which holds the *thyrsus* and the other a *cantharus*, the wine in which he is pouring on the ground; and his head, youthful and crowned with vine branches. We already knew by works of ancient sculpture a Dionysos *Ampelopégon*; here we have for the first time a Dionysos-Staphylos, a Bacchus *Racemus* and not merely *Racemifer*. This figure of the god is as large as a mountain represented beside him, the drawing of which deserves particular attention. It seems to me, in fact, impossible to doubt that we have in this painting the earliest ancient representation yet discovered of Vesuvius as it existed before the eruption of the year 79. It brings before us exactly, and feature for feature, the aspect that must have been presented by the volcano, then extinct, when seen from Pompeii and the valley of the Sarnus, before the present cone was formed, and when, in place of this cone and of the *Atrio del Cavallo*, there was only the *plateau* described by Strabo. For the observer placed at Pompeii or at Stabiae, this *plateau* formed a promontory, half-way up the escarped crest of *La Somma*, by which it was commanded; and this is what may be observed most distinctly in the painting. The latter is therefore a document of very great value for the physical history of

Vesuvius, and it most strikingly confirms the theory accepted by most geologists, and supported with great ability by the engineer, Signor Ruggiero, in the fine volume published officially at Naples on the occasion of the centenary of Pompeii. This theory, vainly attacked by Herr Beloch in his recent work on Campania, is that the cone now in a state of activity was formed subsequently to the year 79 A.D. The vineyards on the flanks of Vesuvius were famous in antiquity, as in our own days; it is not therefore surprising that this mountain should have been introduced in a picture of Bacchus, especially at Pompeii. It will likewise be remarked that, in the painting, the wine which the god is dropping from his *cantharus* is a golden wine, like the *Lacryma Christi* at the present day.

FRANÇOIS LENORMANT.

REPRODUCTIONS OF DRAWINGS FROM FOREIGN COLLECTIONS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

MR. G. W. REID, Keeper of the British Museum Print-room, is affording immense service to art students by the vast collection he is gradually accumulating of reproductions from the original drawings, studies, &c., in other large collections. The study of the drawings of a master for the purpose of gaining a more intimate knowledge of his thoughts and modes of expression may almost be called a modern science, for it has only been rendered possible to the majority of students by the perfection to which photography has of late years attained. It is by this means that it has been found possible to extend the comparative method of examination which has been applied with such startling results in other branches of knowledge into the department of art history, so that now critics are not content with merely comparing the finished works of a master, or those of one master with those of another, but they seek to trace out, as it were, the origin of such works, watching the growth of an idea in an artist's mind until it gradually shapes itself into settled form. Some such process of development is perceptible in the drawings of many masters, particularly of those who were accustomed to jot down their ideas as they happened first to occur to them. Leonardo da Vinci was a notable example of this. In the Print-room of the Museum there are no fewer than three drawings of the Virgin and Child with a Lamb, evidently intended as studies for the Coesvelt picture, for which the Museum possesses also other slight studies. Now, these same figures of Virgin, Child, and Lamb, or, as is sometimes the case, with a cat (evidently introduced as a makeshift for a lamb), occur in other collections. For instance, in the Uffizi Gallery there is a drawing in which the animal is a cat, and the Virgin is standing up in a somewhat ungainly attitude. This is entirely altered in a study in the Academy at Venice, where the Virgin is seated with St. Anna, as well as the Child on her lap. Here the lamb is introduced, and the cat disappears. Again, at the Uffizi, is a careful study for the head only of the Virgin, with hair parted plainly on the forehead, and the same treatment is seen in a drawing in the Louvre. In the Milan collection the Virgin's head is completely altered, and is even more beautiful than in the finished composition. All these various first thoughts, as we may call them, for a great work may now be compared by the English art student without travelling farther than to Great Russell Street; and it is easy to see how much may be gained by the great facility thus afforded for research in a direction that has hitherto been but slightly explored.

Nor while gaining examples from other collections does the British Museum neglect to add facsimiles of its own drawings to the general stock. The authorities have recently granted

permission to MM. Goupil to reproduce, by their well-known and excellent process, all the more important works preserved in the Print-room.

MARY M. HEATON.

EXHIBITIONS.

By the exertions of Mr. G. W. Anson and Mr. Osborne there was opened in New Bond Street, on Monday, a considerable exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculpture, either executed by members of the dramatic profession or representative of past or living members of it. It is difficult to judge such an exhibition, however interesting it may be, by the standards one usually applies to the work of professional artists exhibited in public galleries, or even to that of the much-favoured amateurs, who are never better pleased than when they may persuade themselves that they are professionals. Happily, however, some drawings and pictures in the Dramatic Gallery are of better than amateur rank. Mr. Forbes Robertson sends a very pretty picture of Miss Ellen Terry in *propria persona*, a work which displays not only excellent observation of the model, but a well-trained talent in dealing with artistic material. The picture is at once a good likeness and an attractive and tasteful piece of painting. Mr. Frederick Vokes, thus far chiefly known to the public by distinguished achievements in the pantomime, is seen to be a thoroughly skilful water-colour artist, able to render the charm and subtlety, the light and colour, of the Mediterranean landscape. Mr. E. Sothorn, a son of the comedian, betrays a fashionable interest in the "still life" of fine objects of art; and Mr. Kendal contributes distinctly clever and quite artistic sketches of two of his brethren. He sends a sketch of the late Mr. Compton as Touchstone, which, it appears, was taken at odd moments snatched night after night from the business or the scanty leisure of the theatre. He contributes, likewise, an harmonious brown sketch, very broadly and firmly done, of his friend, Mr. Hare, in the character of Lord Kildare in *A Quiet Rubber*. The attitude of that pleasing comedian is well seized. Miss Genevieve Ward contributes more than one design—one, at least, a marvellously adroit copy of a popular master. Mr. Joseph Jefferson sends two or more sketches in oil, distinguished by freedom and elegance. They represent trees in landscape. The late Charles Mathews is well represented, especially by the tender and glowing little picture—precise without coldness—lent by Mr. Barrett. Miss Hatherly sends a good likeness of her sister, Miss Amy Hatherly, well and firmly sketched, and agreeable to look upon. Mr. Percy Roselle sends an elaborate and graceful portrait, in black and white, of his sister, Miss Amy Roselle. Mr. Neville sends landscapes certain to be remarked, and a portrait of himself as Charles Surface, which strikes one as not so good. Mr. Arthur Lewis has an excellent likeness of that famous actress, Miss Kate Terry. Among the works contributed by purely professional artists, who appear in this gallery only in virtue of their choice of subject having led them to dramatic portraits, one should name Mr. Brodie, the sculptor, of Edinburgh, a racy and gifted man, who sends a charming portrait of the gentle head of Mr. Joseph Jefferson. Mr. Archer, too, portrays Mr. H. Irving as Charles the First. The canvas is enormous and the pose graceful. Many portraits of the actors of a past generation deck the walls, and succeed in interesting us. There is Sharp's group of players engaged in the representation of *King John*, as it was played some seventy years ago, this group including portraits of a now very old lady, the Dowager Lady Essex—the Miss Stephens of that day—and of

one of the Kembles and of Miss O'Neil. Elsewhere, scattered about the gallery, there are interesting portraits of Liston, Mathews, "Gentleman" Jones, and many another player of past generations. Had the portraits of dead actors been classed together, so that they might be viewed consecutively, there would have been some gain to the ease with which they would have been appreciated; but it is said that the arrangement of the pictures was almost at the last moment disturbed by the arrival of unexpected contributions. The exhibition—though it does not reach an exceedingly high artistic level—is worth a visit, especially by the lovers of dramatic art and those who are concerned in the personal history and in the varied accomplishments of players. There has always been a curiosity to know the concerns of players and their private pursuits, and this will be increased now that the player has become so fashionable a member of society.

SOME months ago the *Graphic* commissioned several of our leading artists to paint an ideal head of beauty. The result is now on view to the public in twelve paintings in oil-colours of a dozen more or less pretty women. It would seem but natural to expect that of all people in the world the artist should be the most likely person to know in what true beauty really consists; and we have no doubt that the public will visit this exhibition, held in Grafton Street, Bond Street, more to learn and admire than to criticise. If so, the disappointment will be great, for, instead of finding a row of superbly handsome women, in magnificent toilets, gazing haughtily out of their frames at the less fortunate, because plainer, part of female humanity, they will find there—with two or three exceptions—merely several pretty and spiritless faces, no definite costume, and a preponderance of the complacent expression of the self-content of comfort, with the utter absence of ambition, or anything of the kind, which is such an apparent failing in most modern portraiture. From Sir Frederick Leighton the public has almost a right to expect something beautiful, for he is one of the few artists who has a high sense of female beauty; disappointment may indeed be felt at the painting here by him, which seems to be an attempt, and a feeble one, to reproduce the style of Early-Italian painting, when the tones were timid instead of clear and luminous. Mr. Leslie sends one of his usual young faces, pretty, with a frank expression in the eyes; Mr. Tissot, the face he always paints in his pictures, only this time it is given on a larger scale than usual; the flesh tints are very cold, and the background, with its flowers, is glaring, and very crude in colour. By Mr. A. Hopkins is an old-fashioned-looking damsel, with the eyes cast down—which looks like a weak echo of a reading Magdalene, and can be called ideal only in that it has no semblance whatever of reality. Mr. Perugini sends a smooth little study of a head, apparently painted from nature. Mr. Long's beauty is a large Oriental woman in costume, in no way attractive in appearance. Mr. Story has a brunette in a frilled white cap, and Mr. P. Morris a veiled, blue-eyed, pink-cheeked lady. Mr. Marcus Stone sends a pretty picture of a pleasant-looking lady in a large black hat with a red bow underneath; the face is in shadow, but not at all dark, the bright sunshine of the garden behind being reflected on it. Mr. Alma-Tadema alone sends a finished picture; his beauty is a fair-haired lady in a light dress seen against a gold curtain, against which also is a plain and rather coarse-looking head in bronze; the *tout ensemble* of this little work is very charming, and the whole aspect very harmonious. Mr. Dicksee sends a serious face with a sad but pleasant look about it; this has too much the appearance of being a portrait, although, as such, it is good, and its background of some

flowering shrub is pleasing; but it is not quite in keeping with the subject given. Mr. Calderon's painting is of a really pretty woman with a dreamy and at the same time smiling expression of the violet eyes, and with a soft rosy complexion. We are rather tired of seeing on the walls of exhibitions year after year the shoulders of pretty women clothed in this nondescript sort of garment, as also of seeing so perpetually the very blue eyes and uniformly rosy cheeks which are considered such indispensable attributes of beauty; but in Mr. Calderon's work the colour of the eyes and the complexion is skilfully treated and the result is satisfactory. The smooth, shadowless, simple appearance of many of these heads is no doubt to be accounted for by the fact that they are to come out during the ensuing months of the year in the form of engravings, and, as such, doubtless those which are most commonplace and smooth will come out the best. In the corner of the room where all these beauties sit and gaze vacantly is one of Mr. Millais' demure little maidens, yecept "Cherry Ripe," seated on a shady bank, and looking laughingly up with her great brown eyes from under her large mob-cap. The warm colour of the hair and eyes is charmingly given; the brown shadows of the flesh, however, spoil the effect of the whole. Round the walls of the gallery hang the original designs for the illustrations to the *Graphic*, among which are many by Messrs. Small, Green, Macbeth, Herkomer, Wirgman, A. Hopkins, and others, which it is a real pleasure to see, and which alone would well repay a visit to this exhibition.

OBITUARY.

DR. ALFRED WOLTMANN.

DR. ALFRED WOLTMANN, Professor of Art History at the University of Strassburg, died on the 6th inst. at Mentone. He was born at Charlottenburg in May 1841, being the grandson of the well-known historian, Karl Ludwig Woltmann. After completing his studies at the University of Berlin under the direction of Waagen, he devoted himself to comprehensive researches on Holbein's life and works. As early as in 1866 he published the first volume of *Holbein und seine Zeit*, and established himself in the following year as *Privat-docent* at the University of Berlin. In 1868, when his *Holbein* was completed, he was appointed Professor of Art History at the Karlsruhe Polytechnicum, and six years later at the University of Prague. His *Holbein* having given rise to some very severe criticisms, he published a second edition between the years 1874 and 1876, wherein he mostly adopted the opinions of his opponents, especially with regard to the high position which is due to Holbein the elder in art history. To this great forerunner of the Renaissance in Germany, Woltmann devoted in the revised edition some hundred very instructive pages. Beside this standard work, which will perhaps for ever connect the name of the Holbeins with that of Woltmann, he has also published, during the last few years, numerous contributions to the *Zeitschrift* and other periodicals. Among his other more comprehensive works we may mention a book on German Art and the Reformation (1867). In 1870 he compiled a catalogue of Prince Fürstenberg's collection of pictures and plaster-casts at Donaueschingen. In 1872 he published a series of lectures on the History of Berlin Architecture. In the same year appeared the fifth volume of Schnaase's History of the Fine Arts in its second edition, of which he was joint-editor. During his stay at Prague, Woltmann devoted himself to the study of Bohemian art. His lecture on German art at Prague, delivered at

that town in 1877, caused a great sensation among the Czechs, and even political demonstrations. As he repeatedly defended German art by detecting falsifications in Czech literature, his position at Prague became more and more critical. In 1878 he was appointed professor at the Strassburg University. Beside the History of German Art in Alsace (1876), he published lately a popular work on Netherlandish and German Art during Four Centuries. He had also commenced a most valuable History of Painting, of which the first volume, dealing with the Middle Ages, was only completed last year; while he edited, with Prof. Janitschek, the *Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft*. Woltmann's last review which he contributed to this periodical (vol. iii, p. 2, 1880), published some days ago, concluded as follows:—"The present generation of German art historians is well aware of the struggles and labours which they have to undergo to secure to the science of art a proper position among the other sciences and to counteract the opinion that art criticism may be left in the hands of *dilettanti*." To restore his failing health Woltmann passed the winter at Bordighera, whence he lately moved to Mentone with but little hope of recovery.

J. P. RICHTER.

ART SALES.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE'S sale last Saturday of the pictures belonging to Mr. Pinto and those of the late Mr. Lionel Lawson resulted in the realisation of adequate prices, but it offered few particulars of special interest. *The Mask* by Boucher, from the Novar collection, was one of the most noticeable works belonging to Mr. Lionel Lawson. It sold for about one hundred and fifty guineas—some thirty or forty guineas more than it fetched in the Novar sale.

LAST week Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge sold a collection of china—blue and white and other Oriental china—Oriental objects of *virtù*, original etchings, and one or two paintings, all from the estate of Mr. James Abbot McNeil Whistler. We note the prices of the objects of chief interest:—A pair of bronze candlesticks, chased with scrolls, and on high rosewood stands, realised £9 (Howell); a handsome Japanese screen of several folds, with panels of silk, £13; a pair of dwarf screens, painted with landscapes and figures on gold grounds, £4 4s.; a pair of remarkable Japanese bronze candlesticks, pierced stems, and a stork with enamelled wings, £4 15s. (these were very bold and free); eighteen Japanese picture-books, sketches of landscape and figures and loose drawings, £3 7s. 6d.; a large brown earthenware cistern or bath, somewhat ornamented with birds and flowers, £5 5s.; a Japanese china cabinet, fitted with ebony drawers and lac panels, painted with figures, and on a stand, £10 10s. After these there followed Mr. Whistler's own productions. About a hundred copper-plates of etchings, mostly erased, sold for £6 15s. (Fine Art Society); one little plate, in perfect condition apparently, was sold separately for £5 10s.; about forty slight crayon sketches, chiefly of the figure, some black and white, and others variously coloured, went for £19 10s.; two framed etchings, being a river view and a sketch of a girl, realised £7 10s.; three etchings, framed—*A Forge*, *Battersea Bridge*, and a *Lady and Dog*, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery—fetched £20 10s. (Flower); a framed crayon sketch, said to be Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, perhaps erroneously, went for £5 5s.; another crayon sketch of a lady seated, exhibited at the Grosvenor, fetched £3 7s. 6d., while yet another crayon sketch of a nude female figure with drapery behind the shoulders fetched £4 (James). Lastly, there came two pictures which have been the subject of much remark. One of these was the large oil portrait

of Miss Connie Gilchrist, of the Gaiety Theatre—an immature figure, fragile and light, with legs tripping forward in a skipping-rope dance. Though apparently slight in execution, the work may be considered both a good likeness and attractive as a work of art. It has certainly pleasant qualities of colour and expression, and the gesture of the model is adroitly caught. This large example of Mr. Whistler's art sold for £50. It was followed by a less pleasing instance of his skill—a satirical painting of a gentleman, styled "The Creditor." This extensive, but extremely sketchy, work sold for £12 12s. With this lot there came to a conclusion a sale which had excited some curiosity.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

SIR JOHN GILBERT'S most important contribution to the forthcoming spring Exhibition of the Water-Colour Society will be *The Battle of the Standard*, a subject giving full scope for the display of the high pictorial qualities of dramatic action and composition of our English Rubens.

We understand that M. Dalou has been summoned to Paris by the French Government to undertake an important monumental work, and that, in consequence, he is about to resign his professorship of sculpture at South Kensington. We are sorry to lose him, but happy to think that he leaves us under such pleasant auspices. The question, however, immediately arises, who is to succeed to the appointment? We trust that due consideration will be given to this matter, and that the selection will be made, if possible, from among the ranks of English sculptors. Since M. Dalou first settled in this country, native sculpture has taken a great start, and we have now among us, in the new generation, several men in every way fitted to continue the labours of the eminent Frenchman who is leaving us. We have hitherto been, perhaps, a little too generous in welcoming foreign sculptors among us. An idea has got about in society that the work of any emigrant Pole or Neapolitan or Greek must be better than the work of a born Englishman; and those who watch with interest the present revival of English sculpture are often annoyed to see a public commission given to a foreigner, the execution of which would have been a benefit to native art. We hope that the authorities at South Kensington will take care this time to have a professor of sculpture who is one of ourselves.

SUBSCRIPTIONS have been in course of collection for some time, both in Sweden and Finland, for a memorial statue of the poet Johan Ludvig Runeberg. The greater part of the estimated cost—60,000 Finnish marks—has been already received, and the undertaking may now be considered as secured. Its execution is to be entrusted to the poet's son, Walter Runeberg, who has acquired a reputation as a talented sculptor. He is at present resident in Paris, and has fitted up a studio there with a special view to this work. He has already completed a life-size cast of the statue, and expects to have the latter ready for erection in the course of next year.

THE Polish artist, J. Matejko, is engaged on a colossal painting which is to be exhibited in 1883 at Vienna, on the occasion of the two-hundredth anniversary of the deliverance of that city from the Turks. It represents an episode in the final struggle—the moment, namely, when the heroic King of Poland, John Sobieski, has succeeded in penetrating to the tent of the Grand Vizier.

THE museum formed out of the *débris* so long in course of collection at the "Garde Meuble" is now open to the public. We gave an account

of this curious exhibition some time ago, and need only add that the tapestries and ancient furnishings of all kinds, which form the principal features of this exhibition, will be renewed from time to time, the immense stores of these articles preserved in the "Garde Meuble" being too great for them to be shown at once. Artists may obtain permission to work in an "atelier" placed at their disposal.

THE Louvre has recently acquired two important modern paintings, namely, the celebrated *Baigneuse*, by Ingres, one of that painter's most characteristic and admired works, and the portrait of the Comtesse de Barck, by Henri Regnault, a work which attracted much notice at the Salon of 1869. A new Salle has also been opened in the Louvre for modern sculpture. It contains several of the works of the great Burgundian sculptor Rude.

THE exhibition of the Cercle de l'Union Artistique is now open in the Place Vendôme. Most of its members contribute this year, and the exhibition is said to be a brilliant one. The catalogue includes such names as Meissonier, Gérôme, Detaille, Th. Rousseau, C. Duran, Bonnat, and de Neuville among painters, and Bartholdi and Saint-Marceaux among sculptors.

THE Fine-Art Exhibition opened on February 1 in Algiers is said to be quite a success, though, of course, it has none of the pretensions of the monster exhibitions to which the world has now grown accustomed. It only occupies five Salles in a small building constructed for the purpose, but in these are most tastefully displayed the paintings, sculptures, ceramics, mosaics, &c., sent by the various nations which have contributed to this interesting little exhibition.

A NEW catalogue of the Louvre has just been printed and submitted for the approbation of the Minister of Fine Arts. This catalogue, it is stated, has taken not less than ten years in preparation. A short biography is given of every artist, together with a critical and historical study of his works. The artists' names are to be found after the fashion of ledgers in alphabetically arranged leaves, no reference being necessary to the number on the picture. We hope to notice this catalogue more fully when it is given to the public.

AT a recent meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions M. Delaunay read a note on the origin and signification of the emblem of the fish in Christian symbolism. The fish was regarded as a symbol of Christ long before the famous acrostic, ΙΧΘΥΣ—Ιησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ, was thought of. M. Delaunay suggests that the origin of this symbolism is to be sought for in the religious traditions of the eastern Semitic peoples. Berossus speaks of the Chaldaean myth of the fish-god Oannes; he probably recurs in the cuneiform texts under the name of Hea. He is represented on a considerable number of Assyrian monuments. His function in the religion of the Chaldaeans is that of a heavenly mediator, an intermediary between gods and men. He thereby resembles the Logos, the great mediator of the Judaeo-Alexandrian philosophy, which is itself so similar to the Christian "Word." M. Delaunay considers that this explains why the emblem of the fish was regarded as peculiarly fitted to symbolise the Logos or Christ.

AN appreciative article on Sir William Boxall, R.A., full of pleasant stories of artists who have passed away, is contributed by Lord Coleridge to the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. In the same number, also, we have a thoughtful article by Mr. W. H. Pater on "The Beginnings of Greek Sculpture." Mr. Pater regards the history of Greek art as

beginning in a real "age of gold"—that is to say, with

"men who had already discovered the flexibility of silver and the ductility of gold, the capacity of both for infinite delicacy of handling, and enjoying, with complete freshness, a sense of beauty and fitness in their work."

According to his view, indeed, the heroic age of Greek art "is the age of the hero as a smith."

THE *Portfolio* has no new interest this month, except a somewhat long account by Mr. William Walker of the artist and drawing master, J. D. Harding, who, as the writer says, has been somewhat lost sight of in this bustling generation. The example given of Mr. Harding's art is not, however, prepossessing. The contemporary artist noticed is Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., who is represented by a very ordinary etching by C. O. Murray. The other articles of the number are a continuation of Mr. Clark's "Cambridge," and of Mr. Hamerton's "Notes on Aesthetica."

THE first volume of an important work on the history of costume entitled *Histoire générale du Costume civil, religieux, et militaire*, by the French painter R. Jacquemin, has just been published by Ch. Delagrave, Paris. The entire work will be in four volumes, carrying the history of costume down to the present century; but the present volume merely deals with its history from the fourth to the twelfth century. It is illustrated by chromo-lithography in the same way as the magnificent German work, *Trachten, Kunstwerke und Gerüthschaften*, before noticed, and, like that, is coming out in numbers; but it has a more limited range of subject, being confined solely to costume. Much of general historical interest is, however, to be found in it.

THE STAGE.

THE week has seen changes at two or three London theatres, but it cannot be said that at all the new programme is an improvement on that which was previously presented. At the Olympic Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American low comedian, has appeared, and he will continue there probably till about Easter. He brings with him a modern melodrama that his successful performance in it seems to have developed into a farcical comedy, and likewise the old and well-tried comedy of Colman's, *The Heir at Law*, in which Mr. Compton was so great, and in which Mr. Clarke is so popular. Dr. Pangloss is a character who, in the hands of a conspicuous actor, can well be made the chief of the *dramatis personae*, and the unctuous Dr. Pangloss of Mr. Clarke is as much the hero of the comedy as was the dry and sententious Dr. Pangloss of Mr. Compton. But he is less artistic: more a creature of successful grimace, and less entertaining to the less "barron" spectators. But Mr. Clarke is absolutely popular, and the whole "business" of the piece is at his fingers' ends. The difference, after all, between Mr. Compton, with whom the character is with old playgoers associated, and Mr. Clarke, who is accepted by the new generation, is that which is almost inevitable between a high comedian and an able comic actor.

The Streets of London, with Mr. Warner in the character of Badger, has been revived at the Princess's. The piece is of Mr. Boucicault's manufacture, and belongs to a period in his career at which he appears to have abandoned literature and devoted himself to the question how best to put together popular stage-plays. We should have thought, after the amount of congratulation that has been in the air with respect to the improvement of the English theatre, that the taste for such a sensational drama as *The Streets of London* had departed

from the West-end; for *The Streets of London* has not that apology for gross realism which might be urged in favour of *Drink*. Mr. Warner plays Badger very much to the satisfaction of the audience, and there is nothing in his performance so repulsive as there necessarily is in the piece which we owe to the imagination of Zola.

THE pantomimes will shortly be withdrawn; the final verdict pronounced upon them—which is often a quite different one from that which is delivered immediately after Boxing-night—is that that at the Gaiety has been the best. The Gaiety in *Gulliver* has given a piece far more brightly written than are most pantomimes nowadays. The scenery and stage effects have been better than it is usually within the aim of the Gaiety to provide; while the speciality of the theatre, in providing for our fashionable young men a company in whom they may reasonably be interested, appears to have been duly remembered. Miss Farren and Miss Coote, Miss Gilchrist and Miss Wadman are a cluster of stars. Nor, unlike one or two of the performances at the bigger houses, has the pantomime allowed itself dull moments—not to say dull half-hours. All has been of a kind to meet the approval of the habitual Gaiety playgoer, while at the larger houses—in the "Lane" or at the "Garden"—he would inevitably have been weary. Nor should we altogether have blamed him if he had.

MUSIC.

ON Saturday, February 7, *Lohengrin* was given for the first time by the Carl Rosa company, and the English version by John P. Jackson deserves special notice. The German text is closely followed, but the translator has reproduced, with marvellous success, the spirit as well as the letter of the poem. The importance of the words in a Wagner opera is sufficiently well known, and this excellent version contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the work. Herr Schott achieved a great success as Rienzi, especially as regarded his acting, but a still greater as *Lohengrin*. His fine figure, his excellent acting and singing, combined to make him really seem for the time one of the pure and irreproachable knights who guard the Holy Grail on Mount Salvat. Miss Gaylord gave a pure and intelligent rendering of the part of Elsa. The cruel Ortrud and the weak-minded Frederick were well sustained by Miss J. Yorke and Mr. Ludvig. Mr. Crotty was a tuneful and dignified herald. One word of praise must be accorded to Mr. G. H. Betjemann for the very perfect stage arrangements; and to chorus, band, and conductor (Signor Randegger) for the excellent manner in which they fulfilled the very arduous duty allotted to them. The work was well received, and this performance of *Lohengrin* must be considered an event of great importance in the history of English opera.

A CROWDED house assembled last Monday to welcome Herr Joachim, who made his first appearance this season at the Monday Popular Concerts. The eminent violinist met, as usual, with a hearty reception. The Quartets were Beethoven in E flat, op. 74, and Haydn in E flat, op. 64, No. 2. Herr Joachim gave as solo Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G minor for violin alone from the 1st suite, and played for an encore a movement from the 5th suite. Mdlle. Janotha played in her best style, and for the second time this season, Chopin's beautiful and difficult Polonaise in F sharp minor, op. 44. Mr. Frank Boyle was the vocalist. An interesting novelty is announced for next Monday—Dvorak's Sextet in A major, op. 48.

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